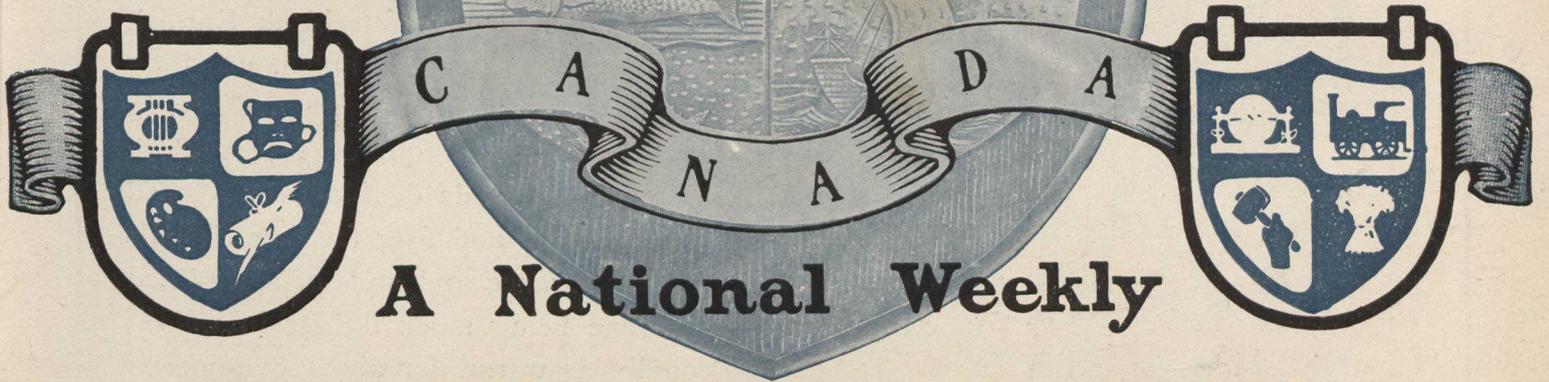


The Canadian Courier



SEE ARTICLE ON "THE WHEAT CROP OF 1906" IN THIS ISSUE

JOHN A. COOPER, Editor
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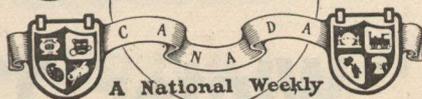
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The Canadian Courier



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Editorial Talk

THE second issue of this journal was received with even more enthusiasm than the first, and the entire edition of 10,000 copies was quickly exhausted.

The subscription price has been placed at \$2.50. The introduction price was \$2.00, and any person sending in a cash-with-order subscription may still get it at that price, if the letter is mailed within one week of the receipt of this copy.



TOM O. MARTEN

The issue of December 22nd will be a Christmas number of enlarged size. It will be embellished by a special cover design by Tom O. Marten, whose excellent

British Columbia character study is one of the features of this issue. It will have other special features which will make it the best five-cent Christmas number ever issued in Canada.



JOHN INNIS

There will be a double-page colour picture by Mr. John Innis in this Christmas number which alone would make it notable.

We have said little about the policy of the paper, and many questions along this line have been received. It will be our aim to publish a national weekly which will truly represent the Canadian people in

their best moods and their most laudable activities. It will aim to entertain as well as to inform, to present a weekly summary of events and utterances and to illustrate with picture and drawing that which seems most worthy of special consideration.

After this week all communications, manuscripts and photographs should be addressed to 81 Victoria St., Toronto.

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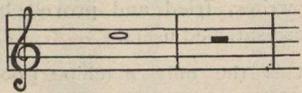
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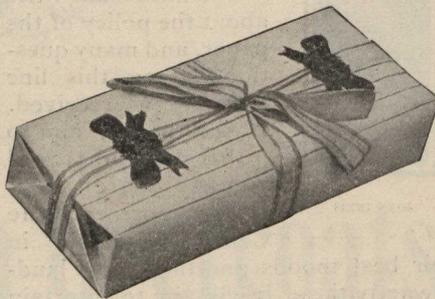
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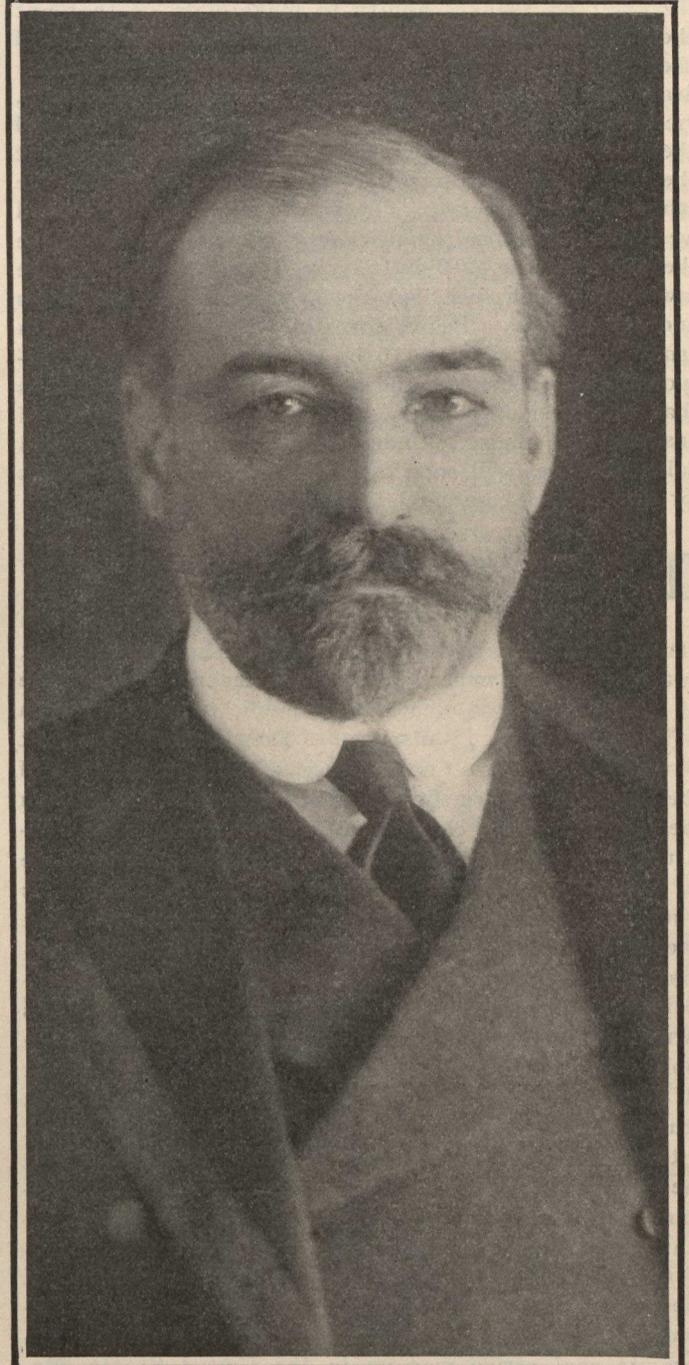
Vol. I

Toronto, December 15th, 1906

No. 3



Mr. William McKenzie.



Mr. Donald D. Mann.

These gentlemen are being banquetted by the Toronto Board of Trade on Friday evening of this week, because of their contribution to the development of Canadian trade during the past ten years. They have bought, built, or have under construction 4035 miles of railway, and have projected almost as much more. Their railways include lines in the Provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia. It is understood that they are ambitious to have all these lines connected into one grand transcontinental system. The railway development of Canada at the present time is enormous, but is still in its infancy. The trade of the country is growing even faster than the transportation facilities. Consequently, there is plenty of scope for the activities of the railway builders.

REFLECTIONS

DIRECTORS who do not direct must make room for those who will direct. Many of our financial and commercial institutions in which the general public are asked to place their confidence—and their money—have Boards of Directors whose names are dazzling by reason of their titles and public positions. It is their ability to make a dazzle that put them on the board and keeps them there,—and most of them are not so stupid that they do not know it. They draw their salaries as honorary presidents, presidents, vice-presidents and directors, and are satisfied. Many of them are honourable men, men who would be shocked at the idea of wilfully misdirecting, but fail to realize the crime of not directing. They are playing with loaded weapons and when the discharge takes place, will give the fool's excuse,—“Didn't know it was loaded.” The law may punish such, but the investor has in his hands another remedy. Before investing his money, let him study the men who are to be, or who ought to be, responsible for its safety and select only those institutions that are presided over by active and successful men of business and affairs. Under these conditions, titles and political offices will soon cease to be prime requirements for directors of commercial and financial institutions.

THE Lethbridge Strike attracts attention not only to the cool-headedness of Mr. King, the Deputy Minister of Labour, and to the success which has attended other negotiations in which he has engaged, but also to the wider question of the relation of the **GOVERNMENT AND STRIKES** consuming public to the parties in dispute. The former tolerant acquiescence of belief on the part of the public in the benefits of labour unionism has, within the last ten years, changed to a much more critical attitude. The wider ramifications of unionism have come to affect the consumer in many new ways. But it is when the disputes between labour and capital affect questions of the necessities of life—breadstuffs, fuel, etc.—that the consumer becomes impatient and tends to exclaim “a plague of both your houses.” Conscious of his own impotence and impressed by his own necessities, he looks more and more to the government. As a result of this there has, on the North American continent generally, been a great growth of unconscious Socialism within the past five years. Without any ultimate theory of government functions in mind increasing welcome has been given to government intervention in matters of industrial policy. Part of this is undoubtedly due to the fact that, in many of the engagements of modern industrial warfare, the consumer really is between the upper and nether mill stone. When the anthracite coal strike was on in the United States, Mr. Mitchell, the leader of the strike, suggested that the increase of wages demanded could easily be added to the price of coal. The government has been called upon to protect the individual; what was the socialism of yesterday is the individualism of to-day. It is to be expected that the scope of such intervention will increase. With the massing of capital in modern industry some of the old fetiches are relegated to the museum. The alternative is no longer between private ownership and government ownership; the choice now lies between governmental regulation and government ownership. For

this task of regulation a government is not ideally fitted but it is the only agency available. If, then, there is to be a policy which will not do more harm than good there must, at every step, be a careful scrutiny of every such extension of power; not a mere unthinking acquiescence in the apparent dictates of an opportunism intended to placate popular importunity.

THE farmer of the Canadian West is found out, and he has no objection to having been detected. Anywhere east of Port Arthur, at any time in the last ten years, it was allowable for a campaigner to arise on the stump and announce that the Western **AND THE WHEAT GROWER** wanted nothing but **WESTERN FREE TRADE**. But even on the outskirts of the West, say at Winnipeg, it has been known that the producers of Number One hard are far from being a solid body of “no tariff” men. During political contests there will be found all through the West as much straight Protection advocacy as was ever served out to an Ontario or Quebec audience. The lately-arrived American farmers, in particular, number many Protectionists among them. Many of them have been brought up in a Protectionist school. The Iowa men and the newcomers from Nebraska hail from States which are about evenly divided politically. It must be remembered that even when William J. Bryan was a candidate for the Presidency, Nebraska, his home State, went Republican and High Tariff.

These Americans have brought their economic beliefs with them. The farmers from Eastern Canada vote largely as they did “back home.” The English usually follow the party names they knew in the Old Country. And the remainder—the Galicians, the Ruthenians and all the rest of the polyglot European population—are amenable to arguments, sometimes oral; sometimes more tangible. They are striving to become good Canadians and to learn our ways, but they do not find political science on the curriculum.

The truth is that in the West the tariff is not an issue, nor is there any prospect of the local leaders of either party choosing to make it an issue. Like other men in other parts of Canada, the Western wheat raisers are more concerned with that which obviously and intimately concerns their prosperity. They talk of their two great wants—more railways and more farm hands. In Manitoba, the Roblin Government faces only eight opponents out of a House of forty, because the farmers are convinced that it made a compact with one of the great railway systems whereby freight rates were reduced. This line's competitors, they argue, had to cut rates to meet the reduction and secure their share of the business. Here the Manitoba farmer sees an immediate benefit, and he holds that a difference of a few points in a customs tariff is of infinitely less importance to him than is certainty of being able, through railway building and competition, to market his wheat at several cents more a bushel than he would receive were his distance from a shipping-point great and the freight rates to tidewater exorbitant.

It is not to be expected that the straight Free Trade West myth will be exploded this year or next year. It will furnish the groundwork of many a speech in Eastern Canada before it receives its quietus. But a myth it is, and a myth it always has been, as a glance

at election returns for a decade past will amply show. If further proof be required, please consult the tariff of 1906, formulated by Hon. Messrs. Fielding, Paterson and Brodeur.

AT its last session the Ontario Legislature passed an act compelling the trustees of all school sections in the province to pay a decent salary to the school teachers. It was a law that should have been passed many years ago, yet it has met with only slight favour. The Ontario farmer is not a generous man. He lives frugally, wears cheap clothes, works hard and expects others to do the same. Sixty years ago, he hardly paid any salary to the master, who boarded "round" and eked out a rather precarious existence. Since then the farmer has become slightly more liberal, but he doesn't see any particular reason why the government should interfere. The ancient fight for an educated community must still be waged, even in Ontario. The Legislature is to be commended for its courage in dealing with the problem and passing a just and necessary law. It is the government's duty to see that the law is properly explained and defended. Unfortunately there is a dearth of expounders in that combination.

A book was written some time ago in which a character named David Harum advised the public to "do others before they do you." Josh Billings or some other jocose person gave similar advice at an earlier date. A speaker in Toronto the other day lamented that this principle had taken deep root in the United States and was rapidly taking hold upon the imagination of Canada.

What else could be expected? The leaders in morals—the churches and the universities—are leading in the dissemination of this doctrine. The Baptist Church is to accept \$100,000 for its university from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, one of the arch exponents of the "do others" principle. The Presbyterian Church is accepting for its university \$100,000 from Mr. Andrew Carnegie, another prime mover in the development of this doctrine. The churches would apparently call the Devil blessed if he had a hundred thousand to donate.

This may seem strong and may read like an attack on the churches. It is not. The writer believes thoroughly in the influence of the church for a higher morality and a higher citizenship. On this point, however, he cannot see eye to eye with them, and ventures to speak his mind frankly and freely. He firmly believes that it would be better for Canada not to touch such money, because by so doing she sanctions and justifies the principle on which these great fortunes were built.

IT seems likely that if W. F. Maclean M.P., keeps up his agitation for two-cent rates on the railways, the government will be forced to appoint a commission to look into the question. This form of action still retains its popularity with governments. It educates the people and makes them so "sick and tired" of the question that they prefer not to hear it discussed further. Sometimes commissions really do good, usually when the need for legislation of an improved kind is absolutely necessary. Any reform movement that can outlast the discussions and delays of a commission of investigation, is usually one that touches a vital point in the life of the nation. Let us have a commission some day on passenger rates and if, after hearing all the evidence about the scattered population, the extensive territory to be covered by the railways, the cost of fighting mountains, rivers and snow-block-

ades, the people can still be induced to listen to Mr. Maclean, then the question might be seriously considered.

WHILE the great majority of English journalistic comments on the Ontario Bank case have been fair and well-informed, the "Financial News," one of the two or three most important financial journals in London, has just printed an editorial dealing with the situation which is the product of either malice or ignorance.

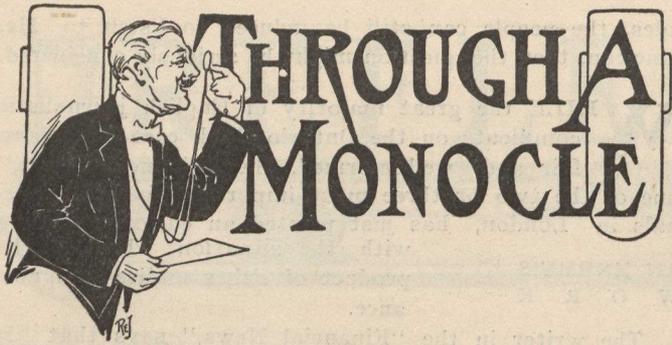
AN ENEMY'S
W O R K

The writer in the "Financial News," says that "It will hardly do now for the other Canadian banks to regard the matter as purely exceptional and peculiar to the Ontario Bank's management. Such things do not happen when business and finance are in a normal condition. They are symptoms of a widespread fever of speculation such as we all know actually exists in Canada."

The regrettable feature of this slander on Canadian bankers is that it bears the imprimatur of a respectable newspaper. Readers in Great Britain will not know that it is the work of a licensed misgiver, and, because of the general responsibility of the "Financial News," certain harm will be done both to Canada and to the banking interests of this country. Readers will not know that the recent disclosures in connection with the speculations which brought the Ontario Bank to grief plainly show that its management in no wise reflected general conditions in this country. The police court evidence shows that there was no speculation in any Canadian security, all the transactions having been in stocks on the New York market. And it is plainly to be seen from the statements of employes and of the Canadian Bankers Association experts that there was a very healthy condition so far as the institution's regular banking business was concerned. Twelve years ago the bank underwent serious losses: capital—\$500,000 of it—had to be written off, and yet in that time, and up to Oct. 15, the bank attained a respectable position in the Canadian banking community.

It is on these facts that the "Financial News" writer must base his statements. They prove him to be completely in error. Certainly they do not substantiate his charge of "widespread speculation" among Canadian banks, for there is absolutely no evidence of such being the case. The Canadian banking business is on such a sound basis that the crisis was easily passed. That some timidity should have appeared among holders of bank shares was natural, but public confidence speedily restored the equilibrium. Investors knew that men of the calibre of Messrs. Clouston, Walker, Wilkie, Burn and their confreres at the head of other great institutions are honest and capable. The "Financial News" writer is about the only person in existence who holds a different opinion. This man does not know that the disaster to the Ontario Bank had no more to do with general Canadian conditions than had the failure of the great East Indian banking house which went down in London about the same time, to do with conditions in "the City."

All business, no doubt, is speculation of a sort. Canada's trade records show that she is doing a big business, but its basis is the richness of our natural resources. The knowledge of our potential wealth and of its rapid development has been one of the causes which have saved Canadians from the dangers of the stock market which, as the "Financial News" acknowledges, "actually exist in London." Canadian commerce, founded on the riches of the earth, and aided as it is by safe, sound and sagacious bankers, is in no danger save from the furtive assaults of writers akin to the "Financial News" critic.



WE were talking of the temporary failure of "Favourite Son seed" in Ontario when my is the matter with Ontario it is hard to Monocle dropped out last week. Just what say. It has not had a real favorite son since Mowat. It loved Sir John Macdonald, but he was the son of the whole Dominion. Blake it never loved. It regarded him, as I am told the boys of a certain university regard their Principal, putting their regard into poetry after this fashion:—

"Oh! we don't like Principal Pete,
We don't like Principal Pete.
He's so far above us,
We're sure he don't love us.
We don't like Principal Pete."

For Cartwright it has grown in his latter years to have a sort of admiration, thinking of him as an old admiral, bluff, caustic, honest and a gentleman. Whitney it is beginning to feel a similar pride in. He, too, is bluff, honest and full of courage, and undoubtedly stands at this moment nearer to the affections of his Province than any other man. The two chiefs of the Ottawa Opposition sit for Ontario constituencies; but they are both importations, one from New Brunswick and the other from Nova Scotia. For Mulock it has a certain admiration, but he has gone. None of the other Ontario Federal Ministers have touched its imagination, though "Billy" Paterson has the love of all who know him, and Alverstone B.(d—d) Aylesworth looks like a coming man.

Quebec, however, has heroes to worship in plenty, though they are all on one side of politics. It always has had heroes. Lafontaine gave way to Cartier, Cartier to Chapleau and Mercier, and these latter to Laurier. At present there is a fine crop of candidate-heroes—Gouin, Lemieux, Turgeon, Brodeur and Bourassa. Sydney Fisher is hardly the sort of material out of whom you make a hero; and, for that matter, neither is Herbert Ames. But both are good, faithful and effective workers, imbued with an unusual measure of public spirit. And the English section of Quebec has produced some very fine public men—Hincks, Galt, Holton and the like. But it suffers from the same impediment as Ontario—its best men do not offer themselves for public service but throw themselves into commerce or the professions. The law courts of Montreal and Toronto are far better manned than the halls of Parliament at Ottawa. The French Canadian, with the gift of leadership, is, on the other hand, quite apt to go into politics; and so is the man of ability in the Maritime Provinces. The consequence is that Ontario and English Quebec are, by comparison, badly served at Ottawa.

The reputation of a Province for producing great men is not always, however, the surest test of the extent of its crop of greatness. A Province which sends a large number of great men away from home is certain to earn this reputation; yet this may only mean a paucity of opportunities for them to employ their talents in their native cities. Ontario certainly offers the widest field for home-produced greatness in Canada; and I rather suspect that we have a lot of the sort of "timber,"

which we call "great" at Ottawa and amidst the American "colony" of Canadians, working away quietly and effectively in Ontario, but not considered "great" because always judged by people who knew them when they were boys. That will damn any man. "H'm'p! Why, that's Aleck Johnson who went to school with me." After that verdict, "Aleck" might as well drop his monocle and take to "specs."

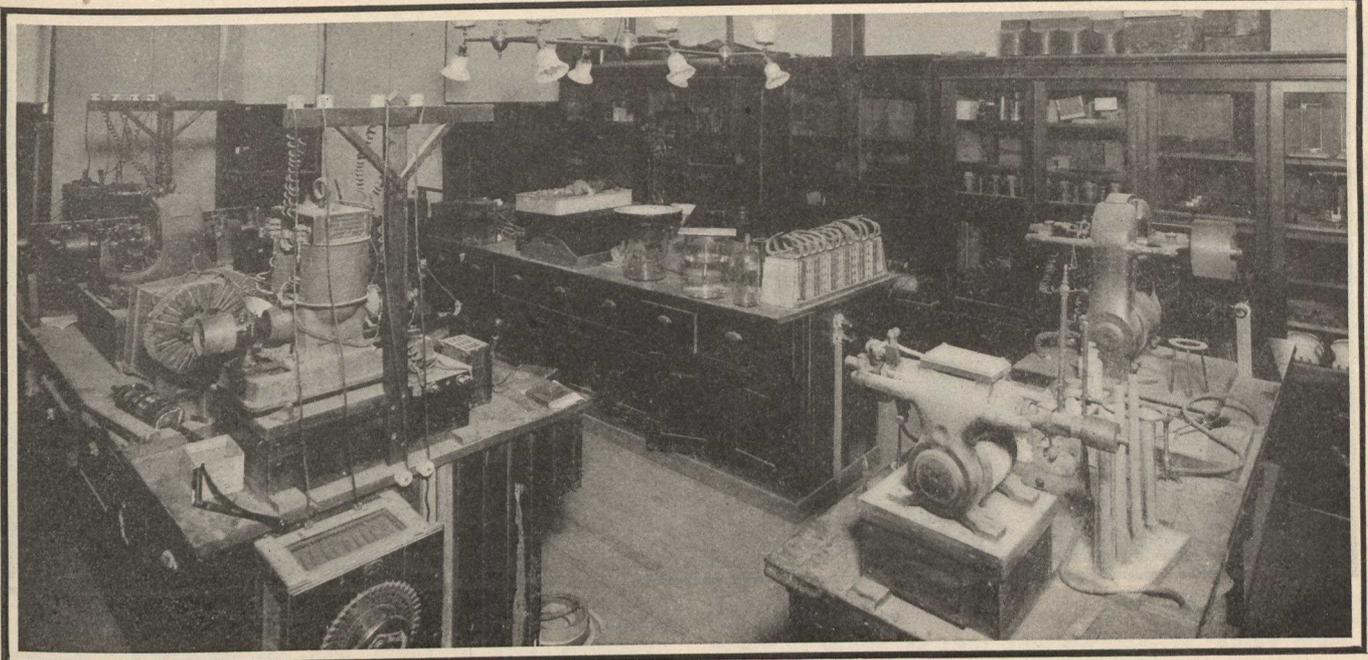
The Monocle has been disappointed in Aylesworth recently. He does not seem to have come out very well from that "fires of race hatred" incident with Bourassa. He should either have proved that Bourassa had the smell of fire about his garments, or he should have frankly admitted that the intoxication of platform oratory had carried him away. It does not hurt a big man to admit that he is wrong when he is wrong; but it does damage his reputation to "dodge." Mr. Aylesworth is a very able lawyer. He is also a splendid Canadian. But there are very few men who can be picked up from the inconspicuous "free-and-easiness" of private life and pitchforked into the second most dignified position in the Federal Government—that of Minister of Justice—with entire certainty that they will know by instinct how to behave. This miracle was worked with Sir John Thompson; but then Sir John had been a local Minister and a judge. Mr. Aylesworth had been neither. As a rule, Ministers should serve an apprenticeship at the private desks of the Commons before they are compelled to live always in that bright light which beats upon the person of a party leader.

That Aylesworth will "arrive" can hardly be in doubt. No man with such a dome of thought could fail. But as yet his debating manners lack "that repose which stamp the caste of Vere de Vere." He does not seem to realise that he is Minister of Justice—the heir of all the traditions of dignity and reserve left by Edward Blake, Dorion, Thompson, Mowat, Mills and Fitzpatrick. He enjoys rather the liberty and vivacity of a junior Minister, which he is by years but not by position. But he will learn—if he thinks it worth while. He will yet be one of the safest debaters in the House. He needs only the steadying effect of responsibility for a while, and then the lime light of some great opportunity—such as came to Sir John Thompson in the debate on the Jesuit Estates bill. It is rather a pity that the Liberals lack a "runner up" for him like the late Dalton McCarthy.

Signs of the Times

IS it one of the characteristics of our age that many people resort only to the priest of the parish on such special occasions as baptism, marriage and burial? We are inclined to think that the laity miss something in this connexion. If they can do without the good offices of the church for the larger part of their lives, one might suggest that they be wholly consistent and cut out their relationship to the church in every sense of the word. But we know that such a suggestion would be an inestimable loss to the layman as well as to the church. There should be an interchange of interest and a common standing ground as well as faith. There should be more communication between the church and the laity than a mere brushing of skirts or touching of elbows. The ideal is that the priest through his good offices may not merely touch the lives of the people at an occasional baptism, or marriage, or burial, but continuously minister to their spiritual welfare, and that the laity in turn should desire to have it thus. On any other line than the above the minister comes under the category of a "private chaplain," existing as a gratuity to the community. Such a theory is not the correct one. Every individual should be willing to pay as much for his spiritual privileges as for the mere material comforts of this world. "What use will it be for a man if he gain the whole world and forfeit his life?"

W. Inglis Morse.



Chemical Laboratory, Technical High School, Toronto.

For Better Mechanics

THE GOVERNMENT ASKED TO APPOINT A COMMISSION OF ENQUIRY.

By S. MORLEY WICKETT.

The old apprentice system has broken down and the technical school is taking its place. The Mechanic Arts High School of Boston, (1893), is one style; the New York Trade School, (1881), is another; the Industrial Institutes of France and Germany are a still higher grade. Last May, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association petitioned the Ottawa authorities for a Commission of Enquiry on Technical Education. The Labour Convention of 1905, passed a resolution asking the Dominion Government to take action. The movement is gathering headway. The demand for skilled mechanics is growing rapidly and the supply is inadequate.—EDITOR.

CANADA knows something of the effects of scientific study on agricultural activities. The Experimental Farm at Ottawa was regarded at first, as an Utopian institution which might put "fine ideas" in the head of the farmer's son. It succeeded in putting ideas in the young student of agriculture who straightway planted them in the soil where they brought forth fruit "an hundred fold." The conditions of to-day are the best proof of what the Federal Farm has done for Canadian agriculture.

The raw produce of the farm must be worked up and form the basis of important manufactures. Our fisheries, mines and forests must also breathe life into a multitude of other enterprises. What technical education has done for agriculture it should now do for industry. The country needs a great body of workmen who can earn the verdict, well-done.

Until Canada took a new lease of life in 1895, demand for skilled mechanics was almost stagnant. But the tide has turned. An ample supply of skilled labour is now absolutely necessary if Canadian industry is not to be retarded. Of late years manufacturers have been scrambling among themselves for what capable employees they possess and for what fresh ability comes knocking at their doors. Unfortunately, very little skilled help comes knocking nowadays. It must either be imported or trained at home. One will find very few industries that have not brought at least some, often many, labourers from Great Britain and the United States.

That the situation is serious needs no further evidence than the fact that at its own expense the Manufacturers' Association is now establishing a Labour Bureau in London. In Winnipeg the other day Mr. Bal-

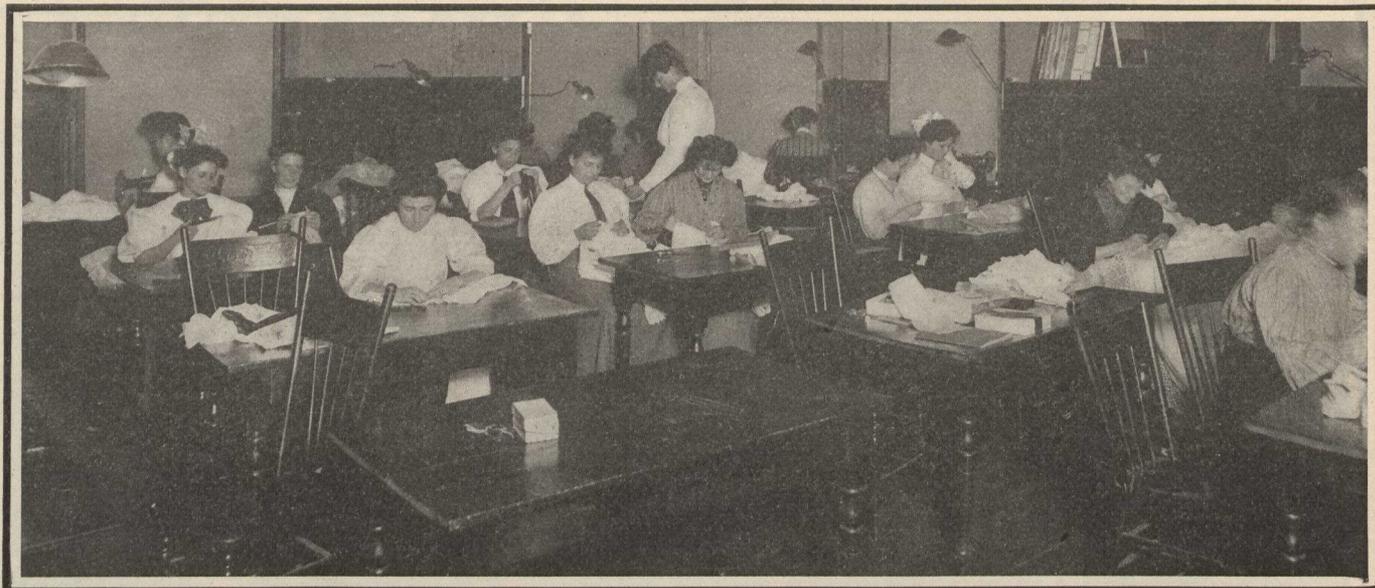
lantyne in his annual address as President of the Association, spoke as follows:

"Probably the greatest need of manufacturers at the present time is skilled help. The Association has not hesitated to express its disapproval of the emigration policy of the Dominion, which discourages skilled mechanics from coming to Canada. In addition to this, the Alien Labour Law is designed to prevent manufacturers from bringing such men to Canada; and further, no steps are being taken to train such men at home. The Technical Education Committee presented a memorial to the Dominion Government asking for the appointment of a commission for the purpose of indicating a national system of technical training. This is greatly needed in Canada, and if we are to keep pace with the United States and European countries we must give our people every opportunity to attain skill."

We may forget assertions in certain quarters that



Wood Worknig : Demonstration Lesson.
Mechanic Arts High School, Boston.



Domestic Science in the Technical High School, Toronto.

the supply of skilled help is adequate. Organised labour is keenly alive to the situation. They know that apprenticeship has clearly gone by the board, and that outside of Toronto and Montreal and one or two localities in Nova Scotia facilities are wanting for the workman or his children to learn the principles of a trade. Canadian workmen have been driven, in fact, to patronise foreign correspondence schools. Not long ago it was found that Montreal mechanics alone were paying at least \$100,000 yearly to these institutions. If mechanics are doing the same in other cities, as they doubtless are, Canadian workmen are paying not less than half a million dollars annually for instruction that on all grounds of national efficiency they are entitled to secure at home.

In other federal countries the central and local government and manufacturers co-operate in securing industrial education. It does not seem as if Canada can be an exception. But until it was established what educational arrangements would best aid the development of our natural resources and industries, early or definite action can hardly be expected. Fortunately, at the present moment, both the Manufacturers' Association and organized labour are memorialising the Dominion Government to show its interest by appointing a commission of enquiry on Technical Education.

Technical training in other countries offers some striking object lessons. In England, where the movement began with local trade schools supported by guilds and by municipalities, some of the schools appear to have done splendid work. But technical education in England as a whole fell short of making the impression that was expected until some broader organisation was given to it through the establishment of central institutions as guides and sources of inspiration. Victoria University, with its affiliated colleges, the University of Birmingham, and the National Physical Laboratory are examples. This rounding off of the English system of technical education was long in process, but was hurriedly completed as a buttress to free trade on account of the severity of trade competition and the rumblings of tariff reform. In Germany the growth was different. The Fatherland began with large schools in selected centres but gradually found it necessary to erect local institutions. The outcome has been much the same, and to-day English and German technical education are in many respects very much alike. The same tendencies are to be seen in Switzerland and France. As for the United States, the peculiarity of technical education there seems to be that it is still in the stage of big impressive institutions, each giving instruction to hundreds or at times thousands of students under one

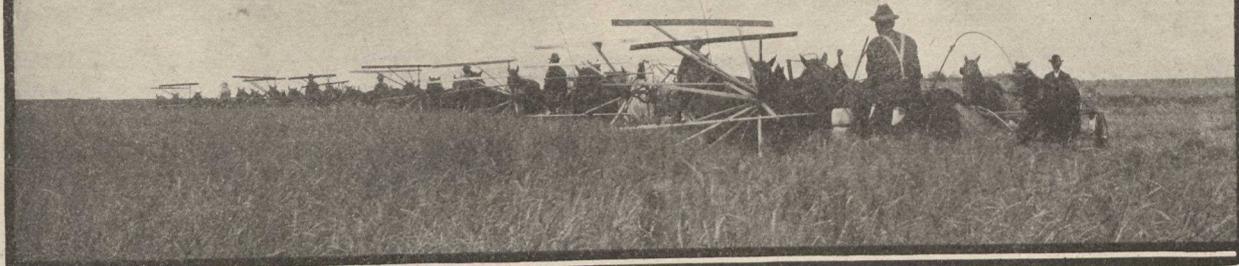
roof. Very few small schools suited to local industry are to be found as yet. As a result of this, and of the absence of apprenticeship, writers on industrial education in the United States assert that American workmen, while highly ingenious, lack the skill of well trained English or German craftsmen.

The Canadian memorial solicits the co-operation of the Federal Government in the interests of trade and commerce, which are under the protection of the federal authority. Here it breaks new ground; for the British North America Act gives education in charge of the provinces. But popular understanding of education is very different to-day from what it was forty or fifty years ago. This problem of a right definition of the word was fought out years ago in the United States, which has a constitution similar to our own respecting both industry and education. The outcome was that on behalf of trade and commerce the Federal Government decided to support industrial education. It now not only maintains a magnificent natural museum and the well known Bureau of Education, but, what is still more important, pays 40.8 per cent. of the total expenditure on Technical Education in the Union. It is following, moreover, the example set originally by Germany, in establishing a combined research and standardising institute for the general benefit of American industry. In this it is only treading in the steps of European countries.

If a capable commission of inquiry is appointed in this country, and works out a broad system of industrial instruction adapted to our natural resources, it would be helpful in at once developing and conserving them, and in relieving a situation that is already acute and threatens to become chronic. The benefits cannot be lightly measured.

Painting Department—Students at Work.
New York Trade School.

THE WESTERN WHEAT CROP of 1906



FROM 1877 until 1906 is less than three decades, and yet within that time has grown the vast wheat trade of the Canadian Northwest. The first shipment of wheat from Manitoba was made in 1877 by a firm of Winnipeg grocers, Messrs. Higgins & Young to Steele Brothers of Toronto. It consisted of 500 bushels of wheat and went in flat-bottomed boats up the Red River to near Morehead, Minnesota, in the United States, and thence by rail to Duluth and by lake and rail to Toronto.

Competent experts place the 1906 wheat crop of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta at a little less than eighty-five million bushels. This is only an estimate, and the true amount of the crop will not be known until the season is closed. Experience, however, has shown that the grain experts of Winnipeg can very closely estimate the amount of wheat grown in the country after threshing has been completed. This year they arrived at the amount grown somewhat as follows: Given the total acreage under wheat—4,750,000 acres—and given the fact that a certain number of farms have yielded an average of between seventeen and a half and eighteen bushels of wheat to the acre, a total of a little less than 85,000,000 bushels represents the total crop.

These figures are somewhat disappointing, as at the commencement of the season predictions were made that the crop would be not less than one hundred million bushels, and might go as high as one hundred and twenty million bushels, but a wheat crop is never certain until it is threshed and in the elevator. When the final estimates were made in November it was found that the crop was not much in excess of that of 1905 which totalled 83,634,000.

There are two causes which combined to limit the yield of wheat in the Western Provinces this year. First, the crop of 1905 overtaxed the energies of the farmers, and harvesting and threshing were not completed in time to make ample preparations for seeding. Second, about the beginning of harvest there was a period of excessive heat which did much to decrease the yield.

It seems to be well determined that as the crop acreage increases, there is a decrease in the average yield per acre. Manitoba has had as high an average as twenty-seven bushels to the acre. At present eighteen to twenty bushels is considered a good average. What the average will be later on, time alone will determine. The natural supposition would be that this decrease is taking place by reason of failing fertility of the soil, but experience does not support this, since in many cases the heaviest yields this year have been from land cultivated for a considerable period. The more reasonable supposition appears to be that a considerable acreage is being cultivated by emigrants who are not properly equipped and are unaccustomed to the ways of the country.

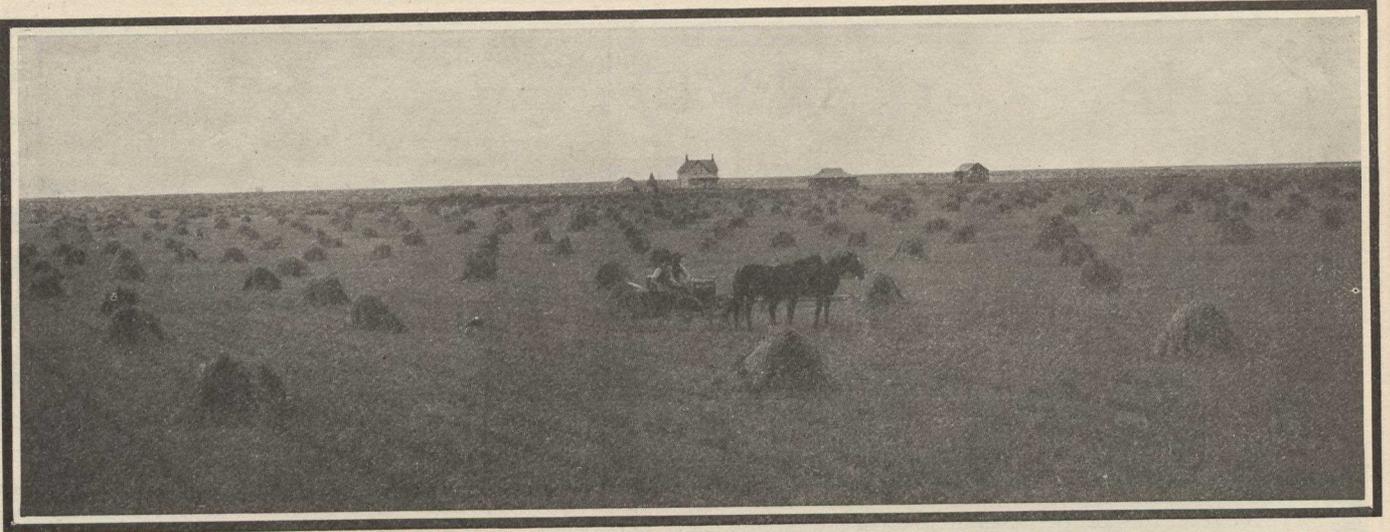
Harvesting was commenced in the last week of July and the first car of wheat reached Winnipeg from Dominion City on August 20th. Dominion City is in Southern Manitoba about twelve miles north of the Dakota boundary line. It would naturally be expected that wheat would ripen earlier in Southern Manitoba than farther North, but this is not always the case. In the year 1900 the first car of new wheat exhibited in Winnipeg came from the district of Saskatoon, in the Province of Saskatchewan, fully two hundred and seventy miles north of the boundary line.

It is interesting to know that the farmers of the West are not confining their attention entirely to wheat-growing. This year thirty-five per cent. of the land under cultivation in the Province of Manitoba was under other crops. Barley is commencing to be grown extensively, and experience has shown its culture to be well suited to the conditions of the prairie country. Breweries have been established in the West and are creating a good local demand, while shipments are being made to the Eastern markets.

Oats are now becoming a not insignificant crop and in 1906 more than twenty per cent. of the acreage under cultivation in the Province of Manitoba was devoted to this crop. The immense railway construction taking



The Wheat Fields of the Prairie in Western Canada.



The Crop in the Prairie Provinces in 1906, amounted to about 85,000,000 Bushels.

place in the West has undoubtedly been a factor in encouraging farmers to grow oats. In addition it has been found that they can be shipped with advantage to the East, and until November 30th, of the season 1906 crop there had gone forward 4,659,068 bushels from Port Arthur and Fort William.

The harvest excursions from the East were continued and during the month of August some 20,000 men migrated Westward to help garner the crops. This practice of harvest excursions is not peculiarly Canadian. In Germany for years seventy-five thousand men and women, farm labourers of the districts east of the Oder, have migrated each summer to the country along the Elbe for the purpose of harvesting the beet sugar crop. This emigration was made possible, as in Canada, by the low rates offered by the railways.

The marketing of the crop has been somewhat delayed as usual by the lack of cars or inability on the part of the transportation companies to handle the crops as expeditiously as shippers would like. The demands made upon the railway companies for cars to the lake ports

during the Fall of the year are abnormal, and it is not to be expected that anything like the quantity of grain offered for shipment can go forward in the short season between the first marketing and the close of navigation. The total shipments at Port Arthur and Fort William for the season of 1906 up to November 30th, were 39,893,898 bushels.

The amount of wealth extracted from the soil by the farmers of the three Prairie Provinces cannot be determined with any degree of certainty. But everyone who has anything to do with journalism, politics or the grain trade has made an estimate of the grand total. From wheat, oats, barley, rye, flax, potatoes, sugar beets, forage crops, cultivated hay, prairie hay, live stock, dairy produce and all sources of farm revenue, it is not improbable that a total value of something like \$100,000,000 will have been created in 1906. This immense amount of wealth, unlike minerals or lumber, has been taken from the soil without appreciably diminishing the storehouse. The farmer and his farm are truly the best asset of the nation.

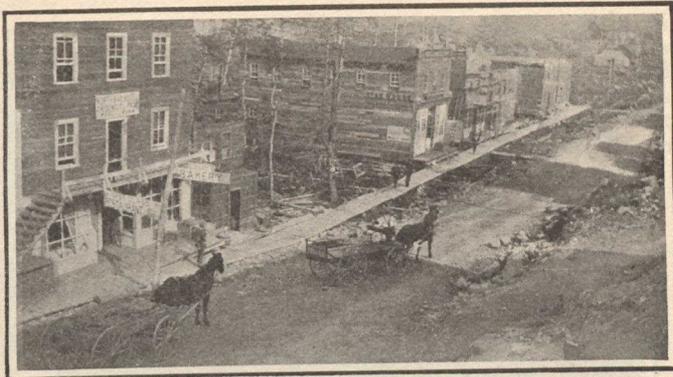


On December 3rd, at 9.30 p.m., a fire occurred in the buildings at the corner of Notre Dame and McGill Streets, Montreal. It was an exceptionally cold night, the mercury registering 5° below zero.

Photo by R. F. Smith, Montreal.



The Square—Opera House in distance.



A Picturesque Street Scene.

VIEWS IN THE NEW TOWN OF COBALT.

The Cobalt Boom

By JOHN R. BONE

THE Comstock lode was probably the greatest silver discovery, and for many reasons Comstock is the mine most frequently suggested by Cobalt. Virginia City was the central mining camp. Within a radius of 30 miles of Virginia City no less than 5,000 claims were located during the boom period. Of these only 300 were ever opened at all. Of the 300 only 20 became well established mines, and of the 20 only 8 or 9 ever paid dividends. Yet the Comstock lode was a discovery that yielded in actual bullion during its active period of about twenty-one years, something like \$306,000,000, a figure which Cobalt must still look up to very respectfully.

These statistics will bear serious reflection. There is every indication that they will be repeated in kind in Cobalt. The number of claims already located run up to over 2,000. If even 300 of them are opened it will be surprising and if a dozen settle down into established dividend payers the limit will probably be about reached. According to the Comstock experience the purchaser of a share in a mining claim, even in the best mining districts of the world has seen, runs about 9 chances out of 5,000, or 1 in 500 that he will ever get any dividends on his investment.

But the mining stock gambler never thinks of dividends. He buys the stock because he hopes to sell it to somebody else at a big advance. He may realize that he is a fool himself, but he always thinks he can catch some bigger fool. Very likely he knows absolutely nothing about the property he is buying shares in, though in his regular business he would not think of buying 25 feet of "goose pasture" or of making a loan on a house unless he had the title searched to pre-empt historic times by cautious lawyers and had all available information. It may be that he is willing to go into this kind of a venture with his eyes wide open. He believes in his heart that the claim is a fake. No matter. The stocks are all going up and he has the tip that this is the next one to move, so here goes. This is what the typical attitude of thousands of gamblers in the last mining boom, and is also the attitude of thousands of persons to-day. It is precisely the same attitude as that of the English people 150 years ago during the South Sea Bubble delirium. The people who bought shares in the company for "carrying on an undertaking of great advantage but nobody to know what it is" and paid £2 a share deposit knew it was a fake but they hoped to sell their rights to some one else next day for £3 a share. It is some tribute to the intelligence of the people of these days that the swindler did business for one day only and then disappeared. Had he lived 150 years later he might have kept going for a year or two. Thus we have one company to-day advertising that any man who buys a building lot in a certain locality "stands a chance of finding a mine in his cellar," and that "a woman cultivating a potato patch may find nuggets of pure silver clinging to the roots of the edible." And the other day the following significant despatch came from Boston: "Subscriptions to 5,000,000 shares of — Exploration Co. in New York offered to the public last week at \$1 a share amounted to \$25,000,000, and the stock immediately sold on the curb at \$3 a share. All information is refused the public as to the location of the property or the people back of it."

The devices for floating mining shares are probably

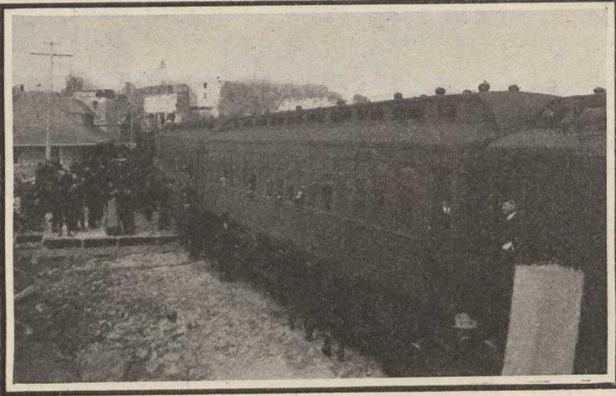
the crudest known to high finance. They are crude because they do not need to be anything more. The clumsy "salting" of a claim by a dishonest prospector is typical of the methods that are sufficient to conduct a mining stock boom on. Often newspaper advertising of the most specious variety is sufficient, when once the public mind is "properly seized with the possibilities of the camp." One concern in the last mining boom began operations by taking half page space in each of the three Toronto morning papers. On the third day, the first on which they could reasonably expect returns, they took in \$15,000 for shares, selling at the rate of a few cents per share. As a matter of fact this company, like many others, was capitalised at \$1,000,000 and had no assets but a few valueless prospects in Northern Ontario, but it is unlikely that their advertisements contained statements that were directly untrue. Yet they were able to make such an appeal as to bring in \$15,000 in one day. It is too early yet for confessions from promoters in the present boom, but there is every reason to believe that this performance is being paralleled by many companies every day. This company's career was typical in another respect. When business got dull here it was taken over to England and a controlling interest sold to English capitalists. These latter sent out an engineer who made a report and that was the end of the company's activity. This method of getting out of a company is the approved scientific one. By it the vexation of the shareholders is directed not against the original promoters but against the "unenterprising" Englishmen or Americans.

The publicity men of mining companies are careful to feed the prevailing fever. To-day most firms find the one word "Cobalt" sufficient for people's imagination. The other day a leading Toronto firm used a big advertisement headed "Cobalt! Now is the time to buy! Don't lose a minute!" Underneath was a list of names of stocks they had for sale. A few were Cobalt properties but the majority were obscure stocks from all over the continent. A few years ago it was the copper romance of Calumet and Hecla and the gold



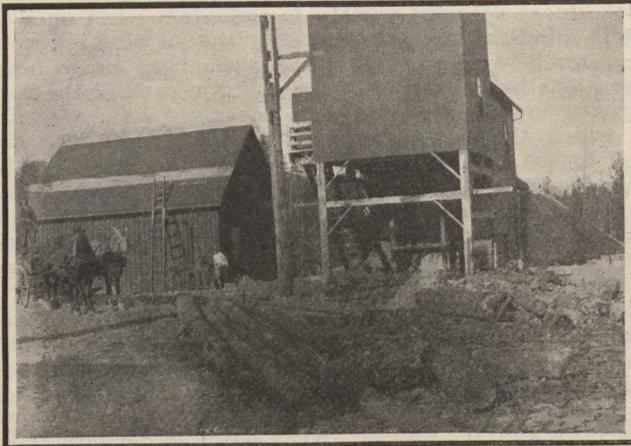
Cobalt—Visiting Day in a Mine.

discoveries of the Dakota Homestake that did service in baiting the mining promoter's hook. The approved form of publicity for future Cobalt flotations will be to dilate on the millions that have been made out of Nipissing and the other high class mines. The advertisements will tell all about these but nothing about the ones that are



Cobalt—When the Train Arrives.

to be sold. Yet the effect will be to make people buy the cheap shares and the people will believe that they are getting a second Nipissing, although no one will have directly told them so.



Cobalt—A Shaft House and an Ore House.

Mining stock promoters are by no means entirely dependent on newspaper publicity. They can appoint agents and canvassers to place their stock. This is an effective method. In the last boom some companies had agents in all the main cities and towns of Ontario. The agents got a comfortable rake off of 20 per cent., a temptation which was often sufficient to get them to load up their friends with the stuff. Canvassers, working on the same terms, can do good work with domestics and other working classes with small savings.

Prospectuses and letters circulated through the mails also bring results. The people to whom these are addressed are selected classes, maybe clergymen or school teachers, people whose calling provides little outlet for their speculative spirit.

Then, of course, a large public is reached directly through the stock brokers. The arrangement a mining stock promoter makes with a broker is a simple one. He merely gives him a block of stock a few points below the current market price and makes some kind of an arrangement whereby the broker must not sell any of the block below a certain limit. This, for the broker, is getting in on the ground floor, and in return he is expected to distribute the block of stock among his clients for cash. Personal friends of the promoters who are let in on the ground floor are also under restrictions. They get a big block of stock and are bound not to sell any of it until all the rest of the stock has been peddled out or until the price reaches a certain figure.

The making of stock market quotations is a simple matter and is accomplished by wash sales, that is by matching buying and selling orders so that it will appear as though large transactions were taking place. This makes a fictitious market and the public takes the bait. If by "wash" sales of a thousand shares, 100 shares can be marketed to an outsider it is good business. Stock exchange manipulation too is accompanied by numerous reports of engineers, accounts of new discoveries and so on, which require only a good working imagination to manufacture. Sometimes divi-

dends are declared. That is always a trump card, even if the dividends are paid out of the proceeds of treasury stock.

It has been said that all that is required to make a good mining market is a knave at one end of a telegraph wire and fools at the other. The knavery and the foolishness may sometimes both be qualified. Thus the flotations in New York of some of the high class Cobalt properties was preceded for several months by a continuous stream of data and "copy" into New York newspaper and brokers' offices. This was prepared by a highly trained corps of press agents and experts, to whose good work much of the success of the flotation is due. That these efforts were directed at New York rather than Toronto and Montreal was another sign of acumen.

A lot of mining flotation is done by brokers, who follow the erratic steps of the prospector from camp to camp. A year ago they were perhaps in California or Nevada: now they are in Toronto. They are not mining men as a rule. Their profession is to fleece the lambs, and they are adepts. They know all the tricks of the game. At the first inkling of alarm they will be gone to new fields.

These are a few of the methods to-day in use to turn mining stocks into cash, the methods of the man "who works claims with his jaw instead of his pick." Some of these shares undoubtedly represent value, but the majority of them will without doubt never yield anything. It is impossible to tell what is the actual value even of the best of them. The sensational advances in some may be justified, but, be that as it may, the insiders who are feeding out stock at the high prices are taking no chances. They are leaving the chances to the public, though it may be that the public will make fortunes. But it is a gamble. You or I do not know the depth of the veins or the richness of the ore, and if you or I want to buy mining claims let us make a study of it.

Appended is a table showing the number of mining companies that have been incorporated in Ontario since 1896 and their capitalisation:

1896 26 15,000,000
1897 140 101,000,000
1898 49 30,700,000
1899 81 96,900,000
1900 57 42,400,000
1901 60 39,900,000
1902 73 65,000,000
1903 55 47,500,000
1904 54 28,300,000
1905 99 27,500,000
1906 (estimated)	200	150,000,000
Total 894 644,200,000

Needless to say only a very small fraction of this capitalisation has proved productive.

The present boom may in view of the actual wealth of Cobalt continue for years. The bursting of little bubbles, which has already begun, will not prevent other bubbles being blown so long as the big mines are producing. But no matter how long it lasts or how rich the camp proves, let us beware the final smash. After the collapse at Comstock with its \$306,000,000 bullion output a San Francisco journalist had occasion to write:

"There in Pauper Alley one can walk any time in business hours and see creatures that once were millionaires and leading operators. Now they live by free lunches in the beer cellars and a stray dime tossed to them "for luck." Women, too, form a part of the wretched crowd that haunt the ends of the Alley where it joins its more prosperous neighbor streets and beg every speculator to give them a pointer or to carry a share of stock for them. These are the "dead mudhens" as the men are the "dead ducks" of the Comstock share gamblers. Horrible things one sees and hears of here. Old friends you thought were prosperous but had not heard of for years show themselves out of the huddle and beg for the price of a glass of whiskey. There stands a once prosperous prince in rags. Yonder beggar lost \$400,000 in a single summer, all good gold. The ghost of many a murdered happiness walks unseen among these half insane paupers as they chatter like apes of lost fortunes and of the prospects of their favorite stocks. Really it is a frightful thing to walk there and look at the seamy side of the silken garment of fortune."

Let us hope Toronto or Montreal will not have a Pauper Alley after Cobalt is done with.



The Siwash Indian
BREED
Horse Wrangler
BRITISH COLUMBIA

Drawn by TOM O. MARTEN

THE man who furnishes much of the picturesqueness of the west. Well nigh as untamed as the "Outlaw" itself fresh from the range and unbroken to the saddle, his life is a precarious one.

His daily routine of work consists mainly of a sparring match with sudden and violent death. Yet he goes through it undaunted from day to day;—breaking "Outlaws" to the saddle that they may be shipped to the east and become the gentle hunter or roadster,—with little to brighten his horizon save the reflection of his own dare-devil countenance, and a blissful ignorance of our civilized conventions.

—Note by the Artist.

T O M O . M A R T E N

The City of Chances

A Story of Modern Winnipeg

By MABEL BURKHOLDER.

WHEN Miss Hilda Hurd awoke to the fact that she was in Winnipeg, she was frightened. Her scheme, now nearing its culmination, appalled her by its very boldness. Its inception was the result of an idle remark of that horrid Jack, who sneered at girls in general, and at Dundee girls in particular. How insufferable a good-looking young man can become, when he knows he is the only "eligible" among a bevy of flattering girls. It looked every Sunday as if he was taking the Ladies' College out for a walk, did it? He wouldn't have ventured that remark a few years ago, when all the embryo doctors, lawyers and professors with which Dundee had blessed the world, were hale school-boys in their native village. But since they were gone past recall, what was left to a girl of sense and spirit but to go and do likewise?

The scheme of leaving home, which had been conceived in the mind of Hilda Hurd as a mere vaporous dream for many a day, assumed definite shape when that fatal taunt of Jack set her heart devising mischief. From a study of statistics, she had arrived at the conclusion that the new, the broad, the progressive city of Winnipeg was pre-eminently the place where womankind ought to be at a premium. Men called it the "City of Chances." In other cities great chances come to a man once in his life; in Winnipeg, they knock at his door every three minutes, and if he doesn't take them, he is simply kicked out. She was fascinated, allured, by the throb of Western life, when sometimes its pulse shook the steady East. She was not, in those days, conceited enough to imagine that her frail hand could divert one of the "great chances" into her own channels. Still, it was not out of all reason to suppose that something lucky might happen to her in the great city of luck, where wondrous doings followed each other with startling rapidity. O for a romance to fling in the face of that self-sufficient Jack! Then, if he showed true repentance, she might forgive him; but his sin was black.

The very naughtiest part of Miss Hilda Hurd's scheme was her desire to install herself in a boarding-house, where she would have no rival femininity to contend with. Herein she expected to surmount difficulties, and was surprised to find that no difficulties existed. To her first timid inquiries at a much verandahed house on shady Balmoral Street, the landlady replied: "Yes, we have room, but I'm afraid you won't like it, Miss. You'd be the only lady among twenty men."

"Are they nice men?" ventured Miss Hilda.

"Very," answered Mrs. Strong, while with covert gaze she "sized up" every detail of the stranger's appearance, from her neatly shod feet to the snap of her reddish-brown eyes and hair. "Mostly business men from the uptown offices. Tain't as if you'd be the only case of the lone woman in Winnipeg," added the landlady, fancying the girl hesitated. "Every other boarding house on this street is just the same. Besides, you wouldn't feel lonesome with me and Auntie Perkins, who always stays by me."

"I'll stay, please," cried Hilda impulsively. "I'm so tired hunting—" The fib died on her lips, and as she followed the landlady to the second floor of the much-verandahed house an oppressive sense of excitement was suffocating her frightened little heart.

It was soon discovered in Mrs. Strong's dining-room that a new light had arisen, and hard-headed business men paused in the commercial rush, and put on their glasses to view the star.

What they saw was a demure little mouse of a girl, sitting between Auntie Perkins and the landlady, who revealed very little of her character at sight, but who looked as crisp and peppery as a ginger snap. Westerners are prepared to appreciate that sort.

Miss Hilda Hurd's observations (of far greater range and import) ran along in a disconnected series of ideas, something like this: "Who is this maniac next me, I wonder? He lowers his head, and fixes one with his

eyes, like a Highland bull about to make a charge. Inky fingers. Hum, he writes. I have it now—he is observing me.

"That midget at the end of the table must be the wealthy pork-packer Auntie Perkins told me of. His skin looks as full and shiny as one of his own pork sausages.

"Directly across is that telegraph-pole youth who carried my suit-case to my room last night. I like him. His eyes seem about a mile back in his head, but when you do reach their depths they glow like coals; but he's unfortunate in business—a mere clerk.

"Not so the opulent lord with whom he touches shoulders, who wears a trefoil patterned waistcoat, and reminds you generally of the clubs on a pack of cards. He has an automobile and a horse, a gun and a well-worn euchre deck; among them he manages to get a fat living, along with not a little sport."

Out West, when a woman does put in an appearance, the men put forth the same competitive energy to gain her affections, that they would use to gain the ear of a new buyer of their line of goods. Many were the unnecessary remarks addressed to the landlady's corner, and when the young lady rose to withdraw, at least a dozen of the boarders tried to lay their hands simultaneously on the knob, to relieve her of the necessity of opening the door. As she swept out, she was conscious of the breath of the poet in her ear intoning one of his own effusions.

"Should there be sterner tasks
Thou wouldst devise for me,
Command me, sweet, and I
Thy willing slave shall be."

"I'm scared to death," murmured the girl holding her hand over her heart. "How polite they are! And how horribly in earnest." Then she clasped her hands behind her head. "Yet this is life—life. And I rather like it."

Next morning, she awakened to the perception that a slip of paper was being pushed softly under her door, and curiosity demanded that she get up at once to see what the unknown had to say. As she surmised, it was a salutation from her poetical friend. She hastened to the window with it.

"A fairly fashioned flower
Of tender hue,
Was sown 'neath Eastern skies,
And there it grew.

But when the opening bloom
Had reached its best,
A wanton chance uptore,
And bore it West.

Beneath the alien sky,
The fragile thing
Fast wilting, scarcely dared
Its roots outfling.

Walking one day along
The busy mart,
I spied the drooping flower,
The withering heart.

And carried it forthwith,
Into my home;
Upon my silent hearth
I bade it bloom."

"What a pity that youth has to earn his living by running a typewriter," she mused as she twisted her hair, and stuck the verses in the corner of her mirror frame.

When she stepped out into the hall, whom should she encounter but the Mad Galloway himself, who hastened forward.

"Did you like my verses?" he inquired, glancing at her furtively from under the fringe of hair.

"O yes, I never had verses addressed to me before. That is," with a furious blush, "if they were intended to be addressed to me."

"O sure," replied their author, complacently. "Who else could be described by these lines? Listen:

"A fairly fashioned flower
Of tender hue,
Was sown 'neath Eastern skies,
And there it grew."

"But I don't quite see what made you think you found me withering in the street, and took me home to bloom at your hearth."

"That's to come," he said, mysteriously. "I'm afraid you are not poetic, or you would know the value of being in touch with a truly imaginative mind. By blooming at my hearthstone, dear little flower, you would know the true joys of imagination and prophecy. I do not offer you sordid silver and gold, to satisfy the base desires of the body. I offer you joys ethereal, spiritual."

"I fear this is an honour unto which I was not born," cried she, mimicking his mood of poesy.

"You will grow into it," he said, catching her hands, and cornering her in the window-seat. "Do you promise?"

"What does he mean? Promise? I promise nothing," she cried hotly, wrenching herself free.

He glared at her stupidly.

"She doesn't understand," he said, excusing her to himself.

"It is you who do not understand," she retorted, regaining her composure. "Understand women, I mean. If I were you I would study them more before I prophesied about what they would do."

"You reject me!" he muttered, as if his mouth had been paralyzed by a slap.

"I didn't say so."

"What then?"

"Give me time."

"Time? Hasn't the girl had a day?"

"I want a week."

"Very well—if we are alive then. A week it is."

As he walked away, nursing his wounded pride, she fancied he was a sadder and a wiser man.

"Episode number one. Not much fun. Hardly worth telling Jack, for it wouldn't make him jealous. I want some startling romance. And yet I like the poet—I think I do. I never knew a real live one before. O dear, I'm perplexed. Maybe by the end of the week, I'll be glad to have him pick me up and bid me bloom for him alone."

That afternoon, as she was doing Winnipeg in the automobile, Clubs put the question abruptly to her:

"Has the poet sent you any verses yet?" She admitted that he had.

"He tells me that, at different times, he has composed twelve impassioned poems to women."

"Why twelve?"

"Allowing for different types, I presume. One will delineate the virtues of a fair maid, another of a dark. One praises the tall, another the small. In that way he hoped to secure one."

"Humph."

"You mock I see. Girls don't go much on imaginative and ethereal treats," said the worldly man complacently. "They like more tangible pleasures. Now I have never made love, but it seems to me when I do I will take the lady this way. Please let me try on you. You don't mind me holding your hand. No. All right, I'll commence. Miss Hilda Hurd, I am a bachelor of forty and unattached. I make more money in a night by my brains, than a common business drudge earns in a month. Therefore I spend lavishly. I have horses, yachts, autos. I am well-fed, well-dressed, well-read, well-travelled. My wife shall be the same. Now, dear girl, listen. I am at your feet. Lo, all that I have is yours." He released her hand, and inflated his baggy cheeks. "What do you think of that?"

"It is a very good offer," she replied.

He leaned toward her, not passionately, but with quite a show of interest.

"What if I should put it seriously?"

She caught her breath. "I should still say it was a very good offer."

"One that you would accept?"

"Ah, no; at least not without thought."

"Why, you have known me at least thirty-six hours. Do you mean to say you don't know whether you like me or not?"

"I'm just thinking."

"You come from a country of thought," he mocked. "I am the product of action. Ah, well, I don't want to hurry you in such an important matter. I am a busy man and probably shall not think of this for a week. If you make up your mind by Sunday, remind me of it. Believe me, I shall be pleased."

A great weight rolled from her breast as she reflected that he would only be displeased if she rejected him. She hated to hurt his feelings; he had so many nice things.

Little Pork Sausage was not a man of words. He had never addressed a remark to the lady of his dreams, and yet there were those who thought his dreams contained a feminine element. Like all Westerners, he believed in action, and cast about for a way to show his feelings more potently than by empty words.

One day, when the lady boarder was rushing upstairs to make her toilet, she stumbled upon a huge box of violets, at the season when violets were the impossible flower in Winnipeg. "So kind of you," she smiled to Clubs, when he admired a few of them in her dress. Clubs looked blank, but little Pork Sausage looked radiant; so by swift intuition she rushed to a conclusion. The little meat man's heart was afire! How the dollars that that box of violets represented, must have squealed, as he pulled them through the narrow neck of his wallet, which never before had opened to such trifles.

"You know what violets mean?" he inquired, when she found a chance to thank him.

She shook her head.

He whisked a little memorandum out of his pocket, one page of which was devoted to the language of flowers. He pointed and she read: "Violets—true love."

"Now would you think he was that—that—that mushy?" she said, in retailing the story to Auntie Perkins and the landlady.

Such a feeling of exultation had taken possession of Hilda Hurd that she began to set an exceedingly high price upon her charms, as prices run up when a formerly useless article comes into demand. It piqued her therefore, somewhat, that the telegraph-pole remained stolidly indifferent. She had even condescended to coquette with him, but no ray of meaning gleamed from his deep eyes. He was very nice; in fact, she imagined from his meek and quiet spirit that he had not been long from the East. When he mentioned a business difficulty, she simply could not resist the desire to help him out.

"Won't the books balance?" she inquired respectfully, one night, as he leaned dejectedly against the mantel. He raised his lids slowly, with a look that said more plainly than words, "How can shallow woman comprehend?"

"But I can help you," she persisted. "I am quick at figures."

He smiled superciliously. "I've got a hard nut to crack."

"Well," she said turning slowly, "I suppose it's nothing to me."

His burning eyes detained her. "My problem is simply this: How can two persons be kept on an income that barely suffices for one?"

"Oh!" she cried, with a look of infinite comprehension. "There's a woman in it. Won't she have you because you are not—not rich? The monkey. I hate her."

"I have not asked her," he said, trembling violently, "and never will until I have solved my problem."

"So she will never know how much you love her," said Hilda sadly.

What was she doing? That night in the black silence of her unlighted room, she flung herself on the bed and asked herself the question. It was the first time she had stopped for reflection during the week, for she was fast becoming Westernized. "I'm in Winnipeg," was her excuse, whenever the old nature threatened to make her uncomfortable. But her reflecting apparatus, after a week of dormant repose, was alive, uneasy, persistent. "What are you doing?" it persisted.

"My feelings can best be expressed in poetry," she exclaimed, recalling the Mad Galloway's favourite phrase. "Let me see—

"On Sunday 'twas investigation,
On Monday it was observation,
On Tuesday 'twas intoxication,
On Wednesday it was glorification,
On Thursday 'twas procrastination,
On Friday it was constation,
On Saturday—'twill be abdication."

Not soothed by her poetical effort, she got up and paced the room.

"I sincerely hope that none of the men who proposed to me meant it. If they did, it's going to make the end of the week busy."

The atmosphere had been distinctly sulphurous at dinner-time, when she fancied for the first time those four self-complacent beings had become aware of each other's presence in the field of action. Pork Sausage passed plates frigidly to Clubs, while he, Clubs, was enjoying the discomfiture of the Telegraph-pole and imagining the reason thereof. The Mad Galloway tore at his hair distractedly, and ate little. Hilda ate nothing, but sat silent, cowed, and frightened.

She was sitting on the floor lacing her boots madly, with the notion that she would dress and pack in time for the eight o'clock train that went somewhere away from Winnipeg, and that she would write back explaining all, when there arose a commotion in the sitting-room. An alien voice mingled with the drawl of the Westerners, a decisive, commanding voice that could only come from a very big and a very irate man. It curdled every drop of guilty blood in Hilda's veins. Unconsciously, she pressed her ear to the keyhole, but the blood thumped so in her head, that she caught only fragments of the conversation.

"Yes," she heard the drawl of Clubs, "we have a lady boarder here. Ran away? You don't say!"

"Her brother?" presumed the poet in a purring voice, and the girl heard the man's decisive "No."

She opened the door and fled down the stairs, bumping into every object that chanced in her way. On the

threshold, she stood transfixed by his accusing eyes, blue-lipped, terror-still.

"Jack! Jack!"

The man swallowed hard.

"Hilda, you foolish little thing, come."

The boarders fell back respectfully before a scene of much tenderness, and when the girl took the man into the library and gently closed the door, there was no demur. Every one of them had been fighting fairly, and there were no hard feelings in their defeat. They had done what they had done as a mere show of politeness to a stranger. If the Pork Sausage regretted his mad outlay of cash, he refrained from saying so. The poet was in a state of positive exultation. "She has given me the theme for my masterpiece," he confided to the Telegraph-pole, who had tears somewhere away back in his eyes.

"Dust and ashes.

Trust not a woman's smile,
For in a little while, etc."

Finally, Clubs went around the crowd and pocketed something he got from each. On Hilda Hurd's wedding day this took the shape of a substantial present, with best wishes from Winnipeg.

"What the dickens do those fellows mean?" inquired Jack.

"They mean what they say—best wishes," said Hilda complacently.

"Westerners have a quick, impulsive way," he mused.

"They have," agreed Hilda.

Our Mean Member

By F. BLAKE CROFTON

THE meanest member of the United Club of Philastonia was a decidedly clever fellow, and his coolness sometimes extricated him from an awkward position. On one occasion, a soft scion of the plutocracy fancied he had discovered him cheating at poker and informed the habitues of the card-room that he would expose him at the next session. There was a large and expectant gathering, and young Softie opened the proceedings by asking, "What would you do Flint, if you found that a man you were in the habit of playing with stacked the cards?"

"Does he win or lose?" inquired Flint, promptly.

"Oh, of course he wins all the time."

"Then," said Flint, calmly, "I should stand by and back him."

A roar of laughter, in which Softie could not help joining, greeted this unexpected turn. And, as you cannot crucify a man you are laughing with, the incident closed there, and Flint did not win so regularly hereafter.

It is true that the ruse which thus converted a tragedy into a farce illustrated Flint's coolness rather than his wit, for a similar escape from a similar danger was recorded in a book of card anecdotes published many years earlier.

When the laugh was not with Flint, but against him, the members enjoyed it all the more, for Flint was a close-fisted fellow. He was not averse to accepting liquid hospitality from a fellow-member, but he was never known to ring the waiters' bells in the billiard or card rooms, except once or twice when he had a guest from outside. Once, at a special club dinner, a humorous speaker had excelled himself and Flint complimented him across the table.

"It must have taken you some time to get up that speech," observed Flint.

"Oh, yes, quite a time," said the humourist, disingenuously.

"A couple of hours?" queried Flint.

"Oh, longer than that."

"A day, perhaps?"

"Longer than that."

"It didn't take you a week, did it?"

"Yes, much longer than that."

"Then, confound it, how long did it take you?"

"It took me most of the time," said the humourist, with a mischievous smile, "since you last rang the bell!"

Flint always, but especially when he was once a member of the Directory, got the club servants to do a part of his private business. They had sometimes to deliver his private parcels, and once, when he was leaving town, he was heard charging the porter not to forget to telephone a private message for him at a fixed hour on the following day. Yet he was never known to give

a Christmas box in the club, and he used his influence to prevent a subscription list for the servants being posted in the morning-room at Yule time. He argued that gratuities to domestics were contrary to the constitution of the club and induced servants to wait more promptly on some members than on others. He only served a single term on the directorate, as it transpired that he had induced the steward to order some cigars which he himself had imported and which his fellow-members did not appreciate at the price charged.

One evening Flint's horse was frightened by an automobile, upset the boy who was holding it and started to run away from the club door. A waiter who had just left the club seized the reins and, though pulled off his feet and run over by the trap, he pluckily held on and saved the horse and vehicle. He was bruised, his hat was trampled and his coat torn. On this occasion it is said that Flint actually went so far as to thank him!

Flint's bets on miscellaneous subjects were dead certainties. Whether on the correct version of a familiar quotation, or on the rule of a game, or on a date, a name or a statistic, his wagers were based on positive and usually on recent information.

Sorrows come in battalions. Three old members of the club, which was founded in the sixties, had died within a week, when Flint got a cablegram announcing the death of his elder brother, who was one of the original members. He did not mention his private affliction when he sought the smoking room and began commenting on the recent mortality among the old members.

"There can hardly be a dozen of our original members alive," he observed.

"Oh, there must be," cried Smith.

"I should be inclined to bet there were not," said Flint.

"I'll bet you fifty that there are," said Smith.

"Done," said Flint.

Brown called for the list of original members and carefully went over it.

"There are exactly a dozen," he said, and he read the names of the survivors.

"But excuse me, Flint (James 2) is dead," said Flint.

"You never told me so," cried Brown.

"I fancied you would know it," said Flint; "I told Jones downstairs an hour ago."

"Yes, he had told Jones, who had just put on his hat to leave the club. The matter came before the Directory, who took no action, as they had no positive evidence that Flint had consulted the list of original members before making his bet, and without such evidence it could not be proved that Flint's exclusive knowledge of his brother's death made his bet a certainty.

A Prisoner of Hope*

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By MRS. WEIGALL

Resume: Esther Beresford, who has been at Miss Jenkins' private school for ten years, is visited by Mrs. Galton, her step-mother's sister, with a view to the former's leaving school. Major Beresford and his wife are at Malta.

FOR the thought that Esther Beresford might be a beautiful girl had never struck her before as possible, and now with the memory of her own two ordinary daughters before her, a beautiful companion seemed to her in the light of a calamity.

Esther looked from one to the other in confusion, and Miss Jenkins spoke first. "Esther, this is Mrs. Galton," she said. "She has come to make arrangements to take—to take you—to your father."

Esther went gently forward, with a pretty gesture of welcome. "How d'you do?" she faltered timidly. "My father told me that you were coming. It is kind of you."

The sound of her voice released Mrs. Galton from the spell that bound her. "How d'you do, Esther? I suppose you ought to call me Aunt Eleanor. I did not expect to see you so—big."

There was no offer to embrace her, nothing beyond a cold handshake, and Esther's lip trembled a little in disappointment and from the chill in the hard voice.

"Sit down, child!" said Miss Jenkins, tartly. "There is no reason why you should stand."

And Esther sat down with the golden light full upon her face. She was so lovely that Mrs. Galton's quick eyes, appraising her, felt that even her shabby blue serge gown and clumsy shoes could not spoil her; for her hair was of the dark shade of warm brown that has a suggestion of copper about its burnished masses, and her eyes clear grey under their long black lashes had all the Irish light and shade about their unsullied purity. Her colouring was clear and pale, and her mouth warm scarlet and curved like a Cupid's bow, with delicate flexible lips ready to dimple with laughter or to tremble with tears, though laughter had been her portion through her girlish life as yet. She had small hands and feet, and her graceful head was set so charmingly on her shoulders that Mrs. Galton found herself wondering why to this one girl should have been given every qualification for beauty, while to her own daughters nearly everything was denied save what money could purchase.

"You are much needed at home," said Mrs. Galton, and I suggested to my poor sister, now that they are in quarters in Malta, that she should have you out to help her. You know that she is almost entirely an invalid, and there are five children."

"I was anxious to go out before," cried Esther, "but I thought my father did not want me."

"There was no money to pay your passage," returned Mrs. Galton, curtly. "But they seem to have scraped it together somehow now."

Esther flushed painfully, for Miss Jenkins had carefully hidden Major Beresford's difficulties from the knowledge of his daughter, and the fact of this came like a shock at the present moment.

"I am sailing for Malta with my daughters in the 'Pleiades' in a week's time, and I came to tell you that I should be glad if you would join me at the hotel the night before we sail and go out with us. I have taken a house in Malta for the season."

"Yes," faltered Esther; "but it is the middle of the term—and what about the girls' music, Miss Jenkins?"

"Oh, that will be all right, my love. Rest assured it is a good opportunity, since you have to return to your father's house."

"As for your clothes," pursued Mrs. Galton, ignoring Miss Jenkins entirely, "I cannot, needless to say, concern myself with your outfit, but I daresay Carrie might have a dress that might fit you with a little alteration."

She looked contemptuously at the blue serge, and Esther knew suddenly that it was shabby and old, although she had never thought of it before.

The look of appeal that she cast at Miss Jenkins

brought that lady to the rescue at once. "I am sure that Esther is obliged to you, madam, for your kindness, but Mme. de la Perouse will no doubt wish to provide her with an outfit."

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Galton, rising with a jangle of bangles and a rustle of skirts. "Then, Esther, I will write all instructions to you as to train and hotel and my maid shall meet you in London, as no doubt we shall be deeply engaged till the moment of sailing. My girls go a great deal into society, and, being very popular, have a large number of friends."

"I am glad to feel," broke in Miss Jenkins, "that Esther Beresford is going to a place where she will be more thoroughly appreciated even than she has been here. A large number of people she will meet in Malta will, I am sure, speedily become her friends."

"Esther must remember," said Mrs. Galton, firmly, "that she is going out to help her step-mother, not to enjoy herself."

"Madam," said Miss Jenkins, with a deep courtesy, "where youth, virtue, and beauty go hand in hand appreciation follows as a matter of course, and I fancy that Esther will not lack enjoyment."

She had thrown the challenge down defiantly in defence of the child she had reared, and every bugle on her cap trembled with indignation.

"We shall see—we shall see," said Mrs. Galton. "But at any rate, I do not wish Esther to be under any misapprehension as to the position in society she will occupy. My sister is too delicate to take her out much, and I have my own daughters."

"But," said Esther, distressed, "my wishes are to help my father in every way, believe me, Mrs. Galton; I am not thinking of anything else. I am very glad to go out to him to help them all."

"Very well, my dear," said Mrs. Galton, impatiently. "And now I must wish you good-bye, and Miss Jenkins, too."

"Good-day, madam," said Miss Jenkins, coldly. "Miss Beresford will attend you to the door."

"Why, what a prim old cat your school-mistress is, Esther," said Mrs. Galton, hardly waiting till they were out of hearing of the old lady. "You will be thankful to get away from her, I expect."

"Oh, no—no!" cried the girl, with quick tears. "They have been so good to me—I have been so happy here!"

"Some people's idea of happiness is an odd one."

Mrs. Galton looked round the quiet walls, and the garden with its level expanse of sunlight and its prim flower beds. "Well, good-bye," she said, lightly pressing an icy kiss on Esther's forehead. "To-day week we shall meet again, but I shall write all directions," and she was gone.

Esther, watching her bewildered, wondered at the flash of flounced frills and patent leather boots. This fashionable woman was an utter revelation to her, and she felt sure that if all the women of the new world of Malta were to resemble Mrs. Galton she would make few friends.

Miss Jenkins was waiting for her when she passed the drawing-room door, and with unwonted affection drew her into her arms and kissed her. Bless you, my child," she said. "I hope you will be happy."

There was so much doubt and wrath in her voice that Esther felt herself struggling with her tears. "Oh, I hope so! But you have all spoiled me, I think."

"There, there!" said Miss Jenkins briskly. "I really believe I am crying. Get along to your tea, Esther, and to-morrow you must spend with your grandmother."

"And what shall you do without me?"

"Oh, no one is indispensable, and Dora Thomson will be only too pleased to take your place, I know. In fact, I am sure Mme. de la Perouse will like to have you for several days, and you had better make up your mind to give your last lessons to-morrow morning."

"Yes, Miss Jenkins," said Esther, submissively. But

instead of going to her tea she went up to her room to cry bitterly because the old life was changing, and she was not sure that the new and untried existence into which she was to be launched, would be a happy one.

CHAPTER II.

"I wait for the day when the dear hearts shall discover
While dear hands are laid on my head,
The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said.

I wait for my story, the birds cannot sing it,
Not one as he sits on the tree ;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years oh! bring it,
Such as I wish it to be."

I CAN'T bear the thought that you are going to leave us, Essie," said her great friend, May Goldsworthy, as they stood in the schoolroom of the Red House. Esther Beresford had given her last music lesson, and she was not very sure of herself, for her lips were trembling and her eyes suspiciously bright. The little girl she had been teaching had broken down into passionate tears at the end of the lesson, and had sobbed out that Essie must not leave her, for she could not endure to be taught by anyone else; and so far, all Esther's lessons that day had been given to the accompaniment of bitter regrets.

"But you will be leaving school so soon, May"; said Esther; "you know there is only a year between us, and you would have had to leave me if I had stayed on here!"

"I know, dear, but the parting has been arranged so suddenly that I have no time to get used to the loss of you, and Malta is so far off!"

Esther looked affectionately at the girl; May was as pretty as a white lily, and as fair—with her golden hair and her blue eyes, and laughing lips. She had taken life happily always, since she had a charming home and devoted parents possessed of comfortable means. Her father was the Vicar of Arborfield, where Mme. de la Perouse lived, and the girls had spent both holidays and schooltime together.

"I wish you could come out and stay with me, May!" Esther said, suddenly. "When I get out to Malta, and find out about everything, I will write and tell you, and perhaps if it could be managed, your mother would let you come and stay with me."

"Oh, Essie, what fun we would have! Dances and parties, and everything; and we should enjoy it so much together."

Esther looked at her friend's pretty face—prettier than ever now, that she was flushed with delighted anticipation.

"You would enjoy it all, I know, May—but from what Mrs. Galton says, I don't think I shall have much time to enjoy myself—at least at first—for she says my step-mother is an invalid, and I shall have to look after the children; and you know, I am not going out for my own amusement, after all; and people will be so beautifully dressed there, May, and you know what my wardrobe is like!"

Esther spoke with faint hesitation, for she had no intention of complaining, since that would be quite foreign to her nature.

"Poor Elsie!"

"Oh no; I am not a bit to be pitied, May. What do clothes matter, after all?" cried Esther, resolutely. "Just think how lucky I am to be going to see the Mediterranean, and Gibraltar, and—everything delightful of that sort!"

"I am afraid I should just be thinking of all the fun that I wanted to have. After all, one sea is as good as another, and I expect Malta will be dreadfully hot. Mother always says that officers' families who are obliged to live abroad in bad climates are bound to have all the fun they can get out of life, so as to forget they are exiles from home!"

"Malta will be home to me, after all!" said Esther, quickly; "you must not forget that."

"But you have not seen your father for ten years, and you don't know what your step-mother is like; perhaps you won't care for her. In story-books step-mothers are always horrid!"

"I am going to look at the bright side only, May," cried Esther, resolutely. "If we sat down to brood over all the difficulties of life, we should never get on at all. I always find that if you turn the black cloud round to the sun, there is a silver lining to it."

"I don't expect that school has always been very bright to you," said May, looking up into her friend's

face with admiration. "You know, heaps of times, when the other girls have been playing games, you had to look after the practising, or read to a girl with a cold, or help with the mending."

"But that has always been a pleasure to me!" cried Esther, with surprise; "surely you have never thought otherwise, May? Miss Jenkins has been so good to me that I have often felt as if I could never do enough in return for her kindness."

May Goldsworthy studied her friend's face in wonder. She knew herself that she was a very pretty girl, since she had often been told so; but she was convinced that Esther had not the least idea of her own beauty. She went through the world with her calm, quiet outlook on life, making the best of her troubles and difficulties, keeping the straight goal of honour and duty before her eyes, and never varying a hair's-breadth from the path she had marked out for herself. May could count on the fingers of one hand the new dresses she had possessed since she came to Grandchester, but Esther had always made the most of her scant wardrobe, and had worn her shabby clothes with an air of daintiness and dignity that she had inherited from the strain of French blood that was in her.

"I always thought that you were perfect, Essie," she said impulsively, throwing her arms round her friend's neck; "and now I know it, and I can't conceive who will take your place in the school. Miss Jenkins said that you would be a loss not only for your music, but for your character as well."

"Oh, May, please don't say such things to me!" cried Esther, in distress, for she was so essentially humble-minded that such praise hurt her. "They are not a bit true, you know; and even if they were, Miss Jenkins would not like them to be repeated. Now I must go and dress for my walk to Grandchester."

May clung to her arm. "You are coming back, Essie, before you go?" she said.

"Yes, darling, I shall come back for the last day and night to pack up; but I must think of my grandmother now—I am afraid she will feel my going very much."

May Goldsworthy did not repeat what was the opinion of everyone who knew Mme. de la Perouse, that the departure of her granddaughter would, no doubt, weaken a hold on life that was frail at the best.

The walk from Grandchester to Arborfield was up a winding road, set thick with trees on either side. Above deep ditches where violets grew in the spring, September had laid a warm hand upon leaves and hedges already, and the woods were dressed in a panoply of changing green and bronze, while the blackberry sprays wove patterns of golden tapestries among the moss that was silver-spangled with gossamer threads. Grandchester lay in a hollow of the Dorset hills, and the little village of Arborfield nestled among the oak-trees that clothed the side of one of the upland slopes. Red-roofed and red-walled, it made a warm spot of color on the downs, and Esther, looking back as she climbed, saw over the spur of a low hill the quiet blue of the English Channel girded by its yellow sands. Portland Island lay like a white rock beyond the fine breakwater where the ships of a mighty fleet swung at their anchors, and the white houses of Weymouth glittered in the afternoon sunlight.

Mme. de la Perouse was in her garden when her granddaughter came in through the white gate of "The Cottage." The little, low house bowered in creepers had been transformed by dainty fingers from the cottage of four rooms that it was into a home fit for the lady who lived in it.

"Grannie!" cried Esther, running forward; "are you sure you are wise to be out here, darling? There is quite a sting in the wind, and you know that last night it rained!"

Mme. de la Perouse was one of those charming women who made old age the beautiful thing that it very truly can be. She was as straight and slim as she had been in youth, though she carried in her hand an ebony stick as a concession to her seventy-five years. Her white hair was crowned by a cap of wonderful old Mechlin lace, and her gown of black silk would almost stand by itself, although she had worn it for ten years alternately with the black cashmere that was her morning wear. Over her shoulders was a fichu of lace clasped by an old-fashioned pearl brooch, and her shapely hands were covered by black mittens. She must have been a beautiful girl in her youth, and her dark eyes were keen and full of life, in spite of the years that had gone over her head, and her voice as charming as it had been in the old days.

TO BE CONTINUED



Moncton, N.B., is in the throes of a Temperance crusade. They are having temperance plays in the opera house and temperance meetings in the churches at which Tennyson Smith is doing the heavy part of the talking.

The general belief that slavery has been abolished under the British flag and that the traffic in humanity is confined to voters and baseball players turns out to be erroneous. Following a story published by the Vancouver Province to the effect that an Indian girl had been sold for \$400 comes a letter from ex-Indian Agent G. W. Berbeck telling of traffic in women by certain Indian tribes. It is quite general, he says, girls rarely reaching the age of fourteen before being sold, while when they become too old to work they are sometimes turned adrift by the purchasers.

The settlement of the troubles between the Dominion Steel and Dominion Coal Companies has been happily brought about and a distinct area of satisfaction is centred over Sydney.

Ontario is about evenly divided as to whether Hon. G. W. Ross will waken up the Senate with his eloquence or become another victim to the narcotic influences of the chamber that was once threatened with abolition.

The railway to Hudson's Bay over which more than one Manitoban has ridden into the local legislature is again occupying a share of the limelight owing to the statement of James W. Tyrrell, a government engineer, that the bay is navigable till the end of November. Wheat could thus be shipped over its waters the same year it was harvested. However the 700 miles of required railroad is in no immediate danger of being built.

Dr. Pelletier, whom rumour has appointed Speaker of the Quebec Legislative Assembly, is evidently alive to the interests of his constituents. Through his efforts it is reported Sherbrooke has secured the Dominion Exhibition for next year with the Dominion grant of \$50,000 to help make it a success.

That a coal famine and zero weather are a combination that require heroic treatment was demonstrated at Drinkwater, Sask., when a train was held up by a band of farmers who turned the switch and stood guard until their waggons were loaded from a car of coal. Many of these farmers had been using lumber from their buildings as fuel.

Alberta is gathering information with a view to the establishment of a provincial university.

Some Manitoba farmers look on flag flying as an extravagant form of superficial patriotism. The rate-payers of Kildonan have written a letter of protest re the regulation requiring flags on the schools. They reckon it will cost \$70 per year per school.

The victory of Mr. A. Studholme, the labour candidate in Hamilton, though looked upon by straight party men as merely an incident of the late

car strike, is only one straw which shows the direction of the labour breeze. Dr. Jessop, M.P.P., in speaking at the Union Teamsters' banquet in St. Catharines, expressed the opinion that at the next session of the Ontario legislature the prison labour contract law would be repealed, and in Kingston they are going to have a labour candidate for mayor.

The British Columbia elections are expected to happen along about next spring and already the party press are giving close attention to both views of the history of Hon. "Dick" McBride the silver-haired boy statesman of the Pacific Coast.

"Kootenay the fruit belt" is how the land that is generally supposed to grow only mines and mining stocks may be known in the future. A scheme has been financed to put 30,000 acres of Kootenay lands on the British market as fruit farms.

Grain, transportation, the duty on agricultural implements, and the Winnipeg bonspiel, the four staple articles



W. L. McKenzie King.
Deputy Minister of Labour.

of Manitoba conversation, each show a little extra life at present. The president of the Grain Growers' Association has entered action against J. C. Gage, J. G. McHugh and J. Love, charging them with illegally combining in restraint of trade. This is of course simply a new phase of the old elevator fight. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy admits the car famine and would buy \$10,000,000 worth of cars and locomotives if he could get them. But he can't. The reduction in duty on agricultural implements amounts to 2½ per cent., or enough to carry an occasional farmer to the bonspiel.

Nova Scotia is looking anxiously for a Dominion bonus on steel ship building. It was expected along with the new tariff but failed to arrive and is now looked and longed for in a separate measure.

In opening the Maritime Winter Fair at Amherst, N.S., Lieut.-Governor Fraser once more made that grand old appeal to the boys to "stay on the farm"—as he probably didn't. The Fair, by the way, was bigger and better than ever.

L. D. Dareu, a geologist of Sural, India, has been telling the Winnipeg press that the soil of Manitoba is

suited to tobacco growing. This is probably the first attempt to prove that Winnipeg is in the banana belt.

The Hindoo labour question is the latest one to trouble British Columbia. That the latest comers do not confine their attentions to the laundry, as do Celestials in the East, is evidenced by the fact that the Hindoo employes of the Fraser River Mills Co. have challenged the white workmen to a tug of war, and have backed up their challenge with a sizeable roll of Canadian bills.

That was a typical Western act near Vancouver the other day when a crowd of hard-headed business men, who had been paying about \$1500 each for government lots, cheered heartily when one was knocked down to a poor squatter for \$400. He had been squatting on it for fifteen years. It was his home and the four hundred was his entire capital. And there were men helping with the cheering who would just as soon sell you a block of mining stock that would never pay any dividends save experience.

Vancouver is prosperous. Building permits of \$875,252 and bank clearings of \$14,000,000 for November are the proof.

The output of coal from the Lethbridge mines is expected to reach 1200 tons per day and the fear of actual suffering from the fuel famine in Saskatchewan is fast being dispelled.

The C. P. R. announces that it will proceed with the clearing of 150,000 acres of land on Vancouver Island at the rate of 10,000 acres per year. The estimated cost of clearing is \$100 per acre, and it is likely a start will be made near Ladysmith. Even the staid old "Colonist" is enthusiastic over the era of prosperity that is about to open on the Island.

New Brunswick during the season just closed received in fees for big game licenses \$27,000, an increase of seven thousand dollars over last season. The I. C. R. advertised the sporting advantages and gets the credit for the increase.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island in a recent speech pointed out that the local legislature had settled some important questions which were yet troubling the Imperial Parliament. Among these were the free, non-sectarian school question, the tenant rights question, the severance of church and state and the prohibitory law. And while you feel like hurrahing for the tight little Island you also reflect that it is easier to regulate a small household than to govern a large family.

Dr. William Saunders of the Ottawa Experimental Farm has been at Charlottetown, P.E.I., selecting a site for the Dominion experimental farm to be established near there.

Montreal real estate men propose forming a Million Club to advertise the city. They point out that real estate in Montreal is cheaper than in any city of the same population on the continent.

St. John, N.B., is enjoying a fire and salvage department investigation. Charges and counter-charges are flying concerning the cleanliness of engine houses and the sobriety of certain persons. The evidence so far is as contradictory as is usual in such cases and the outcome problematical.

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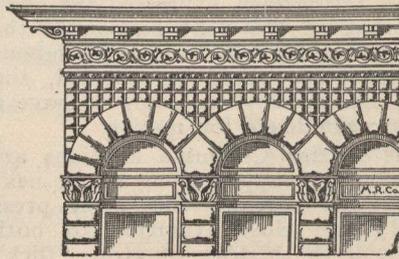
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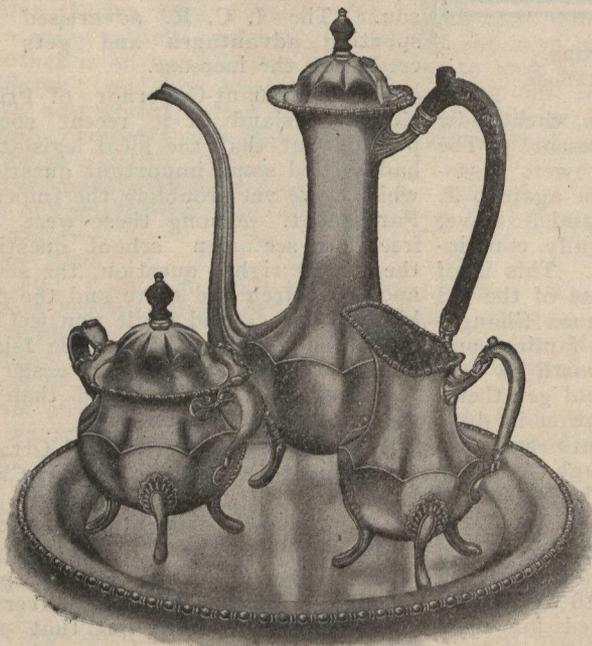
SOME years ago, a book of poems called "Heart Songs" was published and found many a reader who straightway became a friend of the writer—Jean Blewett. Mrs. Blewett has just published a second volume of verse, "The Cornflower and Other Poems," which possesses the same quality of warm humanity that made "Heart Songs" ring so true. These later poems are dedicated in lines of sincere feeling to Lillian Massey Treble. The narrative poems, while in no sense an imitation, associate themselves with Will Carleton's "Farm Ballads." They are as wholesome and sweet as the sunshine on Canadian apple-blossoms. The author is thoroughly in tune with the native life of field and forest and is never happier than when she is writing of the "strawberries ripe in the meadow" or the "lilies red and white" along the lake shore road.

However, a descendant of Scotch settlers cannot quite forget the "land o' cakes" and there is no more pleasing picture in the book than the lines on "The Highland Shepherd":—

"O the hills of purple heather,
And the skies so warm and gray!
O the shimmer of the sea-mist
In the sea-wind far away!
O the calling of the torrent
Sweeping down Ben Vorlick's side,
And my white flocks faring foldward
In the hush of eventide!"

In cover, type and "make-up" the book is daintily attractive. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

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Mrs. Leeming Carr of Hamilton has written a decidedly readable story in "Cupid and the Candidate." It is characteristic of her city to do things thoroughly whether it be at Marathon or Montreal. Therefore, we are not surprised to find that this political romance is a spirited production with "something doing" in every chapter. The hero meets the heroine on a stage journey between Orran and Garric Sound and when the vehicle goes to pieces they are literally thrown together. He is a candidate for the Ontario Legislature and the competition is keen, even for this province of political turbulence. As the title suggests, Cupid takes part in the affairs of the candidate, until one would not be surprised to find his arrows in the ballot-boxes. Mrs. Carr is a story-teller of sunny temperament and yet, beneath all the fun of her story, there is a real patriotism, a sincere desire to see Canada freed from political disgrace—the same spirit that breathes in Mr. Wilfred Campbell's:—"Canada, My Own, My Own." It is far removed from flabbiness and the end of its operation is hard to predict. But why, unless for a woman's "because," did Mrs. Leeming Carr dedicate her book to James J. Hill, whose voice may be that of the Canadian but whose hands are the all-grasping paws of Uncle Sam? But the dedication has no doubt both pleased and amused "Truthful James" whose moments of idle diversion are none too frequent. "Cupid and the Candidate" is a cheerful novelette and we shall anticipate a second book by this Hamilton writer.

In all probability, "The Man From Glengarry" is Ralph Connor's most popular novel. His latest production, "The Doctor," hardly ranks with that story or with "The Sky Pilot." The narrative is decidedly uneven, and the style is sometimes too strained. Ralph Connor is at his best in describing contests or feats of prowess. Consequently, the story of the raising, of the exploits of Ben's gang, and the fight for "a lady's honour" are the best parts of this book. But when the author attempts to depict an ambitious woman of the "smart" set he falls into the language of the most common-place melodrama. This description is easy to recognize: "For Iola was possessed of a fatal, maddening beauty, and an alluring fascination of manner that wrought destruction among men and fury among women." There was an article by Myrtle Reed in the New York "Critic" last year in which the writer dealt amusingly with "Women's Clothes in Men's Books." She might add this item to her list of masculine discrepancies. "She chose her simplest gown, a soft, creamy crepe de chine trimmed with lace, and made so as to show the superb modelling of her perfect body." As Iola was a music student in Toronto and had formerly been a country school-teacher, her simplest gown would hardly be the rich and rare garment mentioned by Mr. Connor. But Barney's heroic life as camp doctor and the friendship, "passing the love of woman," which existed between the two brothers lift the book to a higher plane than a chronicle of the moods of Iola. (Toronto: The Westminster Co.)

Rev. Frederick George Scott is a Quebec poet whose verse long since won an honoured place in Canadian poetry. His latest volume, "A Hymn of Empire and Other Poems" contains less than forty short poems, some of which, including the title number, appeared in print last year. "The Hymn of Empire" is a stately rhythmic paean of the true Imperialism.

"Lord turn the hearts of cowards who prate,
Afraid to dare or spend,
The doctrine of a narrower State
More easy to defend."

Mr. Scott believes in Greater (not Bigger) Canada and has the poet's courage as well as imagination.

His nature poetry is simple and true, with a note of gladness. There is a naive sparkle in this address to "The River":

"Why hurry, little river,
Why hurry to the sea?
There is nothing there to do
But to sink into the blue
And all forgotten be.
There is nothing on that shore
But the tides for evermore,
And the faint and far-off line
Where the winds across the brine
For ever, ever roam
And never find a home."

In the four lines "By the Sea" there is a glimpse of its immensity:

"Ever the strong, salt life, ever the dream,
Ever the pulsing force, the mystery
Of tireless Nature working 'neath the stars,
Her destiny apart from human things."

(Toronto: William Briggs.)

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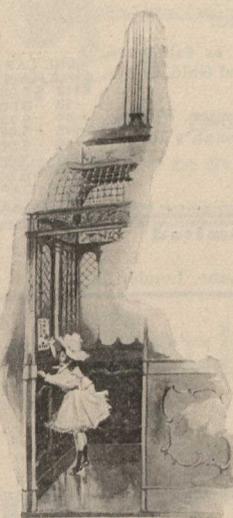
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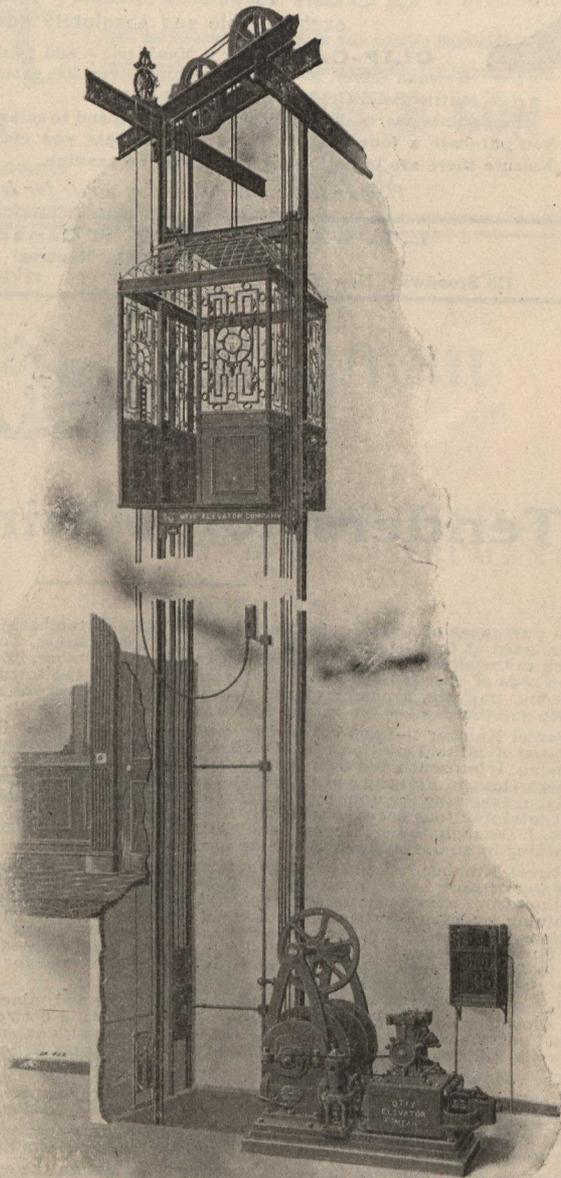


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Tenders for Mining Lands

In pursuance of an Order-in-Council, dated 22nd November, 1906, tenders will be received by the undersigned at the Department of Lands, Forests and Mines, Toronto, Ont., up to the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday the 20th day of December, 1906, for the purchase of those portions of the beds of Cobalt Lake and Kerr Lake situated in the township of Coleman, in the District of Nipissing, now the property of the Crown, together with the mines, minerals and mining rights therein and thereunder, the same being described as follows:

Parcel Number 1—Land covered by water of Cobalt Lake. Being composed of the land covered by water of all that portion of Cobalt Lake situate in the township of Coleman, in the District of Nipissing, lying south and east of the southeasterly limit of the right-of-way of the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway and Cobalt station grounds, together with the islets in the said portion of said lake, excepting thereout and therefrom that portion of Cobalt Lake designated as mining location J.B. containing four acres, granted by letters patent, dated 31st July, 1905, to James H. McKinley, Ernest J. Darragh, Robert Gorman and William Anderson, said portion of lake hereby offered for sale containing by admeasurement forty-six acres, more or less.

Parcel Number 2—Land covered by water of Kerr Lake. Being composed of the land covered by the water of Kerr Lake, in the township of Coleman, in the District of Nipissing, excepting thereout and therefrom those portions surveyed and designated as mining locations J.B.9, J.B.10, and J.B.11, containing by admeasurement two acres, four acres and twelve acres respectively, the two former locations, J.B.9 and J.B.10 having been granted by letters patent, dated 22nd June, 1905, to the Canada Iron Furnace Company, Limited, and J.B.11, having been granted by letters patent, dated 20th June, 1905, to Jacob A. Jacobs, said portion of lake hereby offered for sale containing by admeasurement twenty-three acres, more or less.

Parcel Number 3 carries with it the right to mines and minerals in the adjacent one-half of the road allowance on the east shore of Cobalt Lake, and lying between the mining locations R.L.401 and R.L.404 and the water's edge, provided the veins or deposits extend from the bed of the lake into or under the said road allowance. See 4 Edward VII., Chapter 22, Section 30

The boundaries of both parcels will be surveyed and delimited on the ground before the day of sale. Tenders are to be for each parcel separately, and are to name a lump sum for each parcel without royalty payable in full within fifteen days of acceptance of tender.

A marked cheque for ten per cent. of the price offered must accompany each tender to be forfeited upon non-payment of the balance of the purchase money within the prescribed time.

Tenders to be enclosed in sealed envelopes marked on the outside in plain letters, "Tender for Cobalt Lake," or "Tender for Kerr Lake," as the case may be, and to be addressed to the Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines, Toronto Ont.

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

F. COCHRANE, Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines.

Toronto, Ont., 22nd November, 1906.

DEMI - TASSE

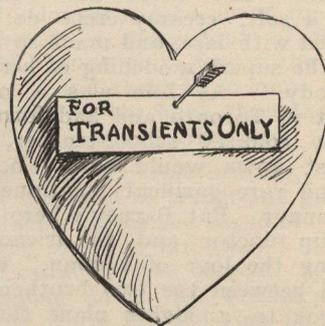
Leon's Logic

There is a dashing young half-breed out West who desired to make a fine showing in the eyes of his fair Rosalie, and to that end borrowed one dollar in "hard" money from the priest. On the following Sunday while Rosalie looked on in dazzled surprise, Leon clattered two shining fifty-cent pieces on the ringing plate. Three or four weeks afterwards, the good father asked for a return of the loan, to be answered by a look of hurt astonishment.

"Why, fader, I put de money on de plate two-tree weeks ago!"

"But that money belongs to the church, Leon, to the good God. I loaned you my own dollar."

Leon's face brightened. "Oh, now, fader, le bon Dieu, He have gold and silver and plenty ever'ting. Don't you be a fool, fader, you just keep dat dollar."



The Duke and The Reporter

The Duke of Connaught has a large store of good nature which has made him a general favourite. During the Boer War, a number of troops were departing from the station, while the Duke, in mufti, was a keen spectator of the scene. A diligent reporter, anxious that his paper should possess a full list of those present, approached the Duke, innocent of his identity and made many personal inquiries, all of which were answered correctly. Then the journalist inquired if the Duke of Connaught had not been expected also. The Duke smilingly replied—

"Well, you may put my name down if you like; but, please don't say I was wearing a gorgeous uniform."

Why He Doesn't

I so admire fair Phyllis
My love I would rehearse,
And ask her if she'd take me
For better or for worse.

But when I read the papers
I'm scared almost to death,
(For butter's thirty-three now)
It takes away my breath.

I'd like to ask fair Phyllis
To share my humble lot,
But eggs are thirty-five now,
I'd really better not.

I wish to wed sweet Phyllis
But then there is the rent,
I know I can't afford yet
A handsome fire-proof tent.

So I refrain from asking
And merely sigh and sigh;
I'd like to marry Phyllis,
But prices are so high.

J. G.

A Sad Case

King Lady—Didn't you ever have a loving wife to care for you?
Tramp—No, lady; but that's about the only misfortune I ever escaped.

He Knew the Result

There is an old negro in the city of Windsor who is overfond of delivering impromptu addresses on public questions. But his ideas of the subjects he discourses upon are as vague as those of many other orators.

"Sam," asked his wife after one of his evening declarations, "what's dis yer graft you'se allers so mad about?"

"Graft," repeated Sam, "is what you might call—well, it's hard to explain to a female. Anyway, it's what de Lawd's a-cussing de country fer."

Cold Comfort

In a town of Manitoba there lives a Mrs. A— whose neighbour, Mrs. B— is a strong believer in Christian Science. The husband of the former was taken ill and died. The doctor who had attended him was calling, a few days after the funeral, and said, "I suppose Mrs. B— has been in to see you."

"Yes and she said he should have had different treatment, that modern medicine was all a mistake. But I just told her that John had a weak heart, anyway, and would have died just as soon without a doctor."

Home Sweet Home

At the recent art exhibition in Toronto several visitors were discussing the merits of a picture which depicted cattle grazing in verdant meadows, through which wound a placid stream.

"Isn't that English!" exclaimed one girl. "It's simply delightful. You don't see anything so gentle and pastoral in Canada." The others assented and then some one remarked:

"Let's see what it is."
They turned to the catalogue and read: "On the Upper Reaches of the Don."

"Not our own ugly old Don!" gasped the first Torontonion. But it was even so, and everyone grinned feebly as she recognised that the artist, like the prophet, is sometimes without honour in his own city.

The Best Policy

The sinner who frankly admits his shortcomings is more likely to be popular than a King-Arthur-like person. A man of the former class was a candidate for the Dominion House in an eastern constituency. One night he was made the subject of a fierce platform attack, the remarks becoming strongly personal and culminating in the rhetorical question:

"How can you send such a man to represent our city—a man who was fined ten dollars in Toronto for attending a cockfight."

The candidate was on his feet in a moment. "It's a lie, ladies and gentlemen," he declared vigorously. "It was fifteen dollars and I paid it like a little man."

There was a roar of applause and even the enemy smiled as "Jim" sat down with an air of virtuous triumph.

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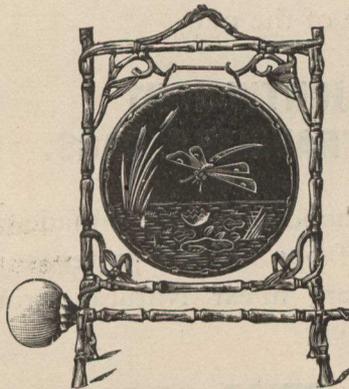


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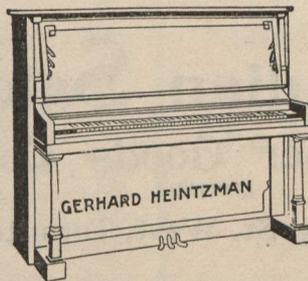
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MUSIC & THE DRAMA



THE news comes from London, England, that there is a great demand for chorus girls in that metropolis. According to Mr. W. T. Stead, the average performance in the London music hall is "drivel for the dregs." In fact that vivacious citic, in dealing with modern vaudeville and musical comedy, uses language which must delight the heart of Mr. William Winter. Canadian cities have suffered many things because of musical comedy, but this season has produced few of such compositions and they have been of the better class. We can all afford to be jolly with "Sergeant Brue" and "The Gingerbread Man."

The Women's Musical Club of Winnipeg has begun the season by bringing several artists of world-wide repute to the city. Among these, the most famous is Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeister, whose programme shows that her predilection for Chopin is as strong as ever. It is somewhat interesting to recall the story of this great pianist's first visit to Canada, which occurred during the season of 1888-9. She was then known as Fanny Bloomfield and was but "a slip of a girl." She came to take part in a Nora Clench concert, to be given in the Academy of Music, now the Princess Theatre, Toronto. When she arrived, she made the heartrending discovery that the name of Nora Clench, the violinist, was in much larger characters than her own. There ensued a scene of protest and pleading and, in the meanwhile the patient Toronto audience waited until after nine o'clock for the fair performers to appear. Peace was finally made but never, says an authority, did the artistic Fanny Bloomfield play so well.

Mr. Nat Goodwin has afforded refined amusement for Canadian audiences during the last week with his performances in "The Genius," "What Would a Gentleman Do?" and "When We Were Twenty-one." A pleasing feature of Mr. Goodwin's repertoire is its freedom from sordid and dismal elements in which too many of our modern actors find melancholy satisfaction. "The Genius" proved an entertaining study of the exacting young woman of to-day and, in spite of its frequent appearance, "When We Were Twenty-one" retains a naive charm.

Those who were fortunate enough to hear Mme. Schumann-Heink, on her recent visit to Canada are grateful that this singer who commands three registers has ceased to cast her pearls before such as appreciate "Love's Lottery" and has returned to her proper sphere.

While Mr. Nat Goodwin was entertaining Toronto, his wife, known in the theatrical world as Miss Maxine Elliott, was delighting Victoria B.C., with her playing in the Clyde Fitch comedy, "Her Great Match."



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and the Muskoka Lakes

There are two trains daily over the C.N.O., one starting from Toronto at 8.10 a.m., arriving in Parry Sound at 3.15 p.m., and one starting from Parry Sound at 7.30, reaching the Union Station, Toronto, at 2.30 p.m. The regular depots between the two points are: Rosedale, Duncan, Thornhill, Richmond Hill, Gormley, Vandorf, Pine Orchard, Mount Albert, Zephyr, Cedardale, Pefferlaw, Beaverton, Gamebridge, Brechin, Udney, Monk Road, Fawkham, Washago, Sparrow Lake, Ragged Rapids, South Wood, Torrance, Bala Park, Bala, Dudley, Footes Bay, Lake Joseph, Long Lake, Blackstone, Falding, Otter Lake, Parry Sound. The C.N.O. is the only railway entering the town of Parry Sound.

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